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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1886.

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COLLARED BY COONS.

THE MANNER IN WHICH THE CHARMING BEACH AT OCEAN GROVE, NEW JERSEY, IS BEING SPOILED BY COLORED CAMP-MEETING SHOUTERS.





ESTABLISHED 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.  
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1886.

## IMPORTANT.

The publisher will consider it a personal favor if any reader of the POLICE GAZETTE will forward him the name and address of any newsdealer or subscription agent who is not selling this paper. Sample copies and advertising matter sent free on receipt of postal card. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

## WE HAVE A FEW GUNBOATS.

It has long been the fashion to sneer at the American navy and to ridicule in every possible way our ships of war and ordnance. This has been carried to such an extent that there are no doubt many people under the impression that we have no navy at all outside of a half-dozen wooden vessels and the four iron-clads built by John Roach.

Now that there is talk of possible complications with Mexico the subject of war vessels looms into more than usual prominence. In answer to a query as to how much naval force this country could muster, in the event of a war with Mexico, one of the bureau chiefs of the Navy Department replied that fifty vessels of all kinds would be ready for immediate use, and that that would be ample force to control the coast of Mexico.

The American navy now consists of about one hundred vessels of all classes. Old and unserviceable vessels have been weeded out. There are nineteen ironclads. Five of these are new double-turreted monitors and the rest could be made serviceable for harbor defence. All the other vessels are wooden except six.

Secretary of the Navy Whitney is very enthusiastic over the building of a great navy for this country. He says:

"We have the appropriation and we now propose to get the ships under way just as fast as we can. We have plans ready for five vessels—three large and two small ones. Some of the designs are our own and others are modifications of the best models of foreign vessels which have been in actual use. We get the best ideas we can of foreign naval architecture and improve on them, if possible. I propose, if practicable, to have the best, so that the American navy, instead of being a laughing stock, will be the admiration and study of the world of naval science." Another bureau chief said: "We should have one hundred millions in the next ten years. That sum will build us one hundred first-class ships of different sizes and armaments."

## BAD FOR BANK PRESIDENTS.

Among other subjects considered by the bankers in session at Boston, was a move for the enactment of some law to reach those persons who cross the border without the formality of a settlement or a farewell.

It is certainly desirable that something should be done in the matter. Canada is easy of access, and the funds of a bank constitute a great temptation. The temptation gains strength from the fact that escape is so easy. Scores of defaulting presidents, cashiers and tellers stand on the other shore, and with thumbs to their noses, wave a roll of stolen bills. The neglect in this direction calls for remedy. Of course those who have already escaped are safe, save from conscience. But the list of criminal tourists is already great enough. Let an agreement be reached as soon as may be by which Canada shall surrender fugitives from the United States. It would tend to check the growth of population there, but the United States could send back enough Canadian exiles to make the loss partially good.

## ON HER EAR.

Sarah Bernhardt is in Buenos Ayres, and if the newspaper dispatches from that section are to be relied upon she is there for a purpose. Bernhardt is not built for a pugilist, but she succeeded in thoroughly discomfiting a rival actress by the skillful use of a horsewhip. An editor who commented on the affair received two invitations to fight a duel. Bernhardt, however, is drawing crowded houses, and her manager uses the affair for advertising purposes. Even South Americans appreciate enterprise.

## STAGE WHISPERS.

Ellen Terry's voice is failing.

Myra Goodwin's season will commence on Oct. 4.

Rosa Lee is the wealthiest woman on the burlesque stage.

Janish has a new play called "Diana Los-wa," a Polish story.

Augustin Daly's company will appear in Berlin and Hamburg shortly.

Den Thompson begins the season in his native town of Keene, N. H., Aug. 21.

Sophie Eyre has gone to London as the leading lady of the Drury Lane theatre.

Joe Polk and Dr. Sayre are busily engaged making spicy additions to "Mixed Pickles."

"Jim, the Penman," will be the opening play of the regular season at the Madison Square theatre.

Henry Chanfrau, under the management of Mr. A. B. Anderson, opens his season Sept. 8 at the Boston theatre, in "Kil."

Col. Burleigh has purchased Bartley Campbell's "Cho," and will send it out on the road this season. Who is Col. Burleigh?

Dockstader, of Dockstader's Permanent Minstrels, has just engaged by cable Pete Mack, comedian, and Ed. French, banjoist.

Willie Edouin produced a farce comedy called "Turned Up" last Saturday at the Comedy theatre, in London, with very great success.

Every lady who attended the hundredth performance of "Prince Karl" at the Madison Square theatre received a solid silver ring as a souvenir.

E. E. Graham will create the leading comedy role in the Temple theatre, Philadelphia, production of Sid. Rosenfeld's opera, "The Mystic Isle."

Joseph Wheelock, one of the best of leading American actors, has been engaged to support Mrs. D. P. Bowers next season. He will play the part of Napoleon.

Julia Wheeler rushes into print to deny her reported marriage with Jimmy (?) Morrissey. To those who know Morrissey this appears like unnecessary labor on Julia's part.

Helen Dauvray will go to the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River for a two weeks' rest previous to beginning active preparations for her tour in "One of Our Girls."

Frank Mayo is revising the "Three Guardsmen," has made an important role of the character Ann of Austria, and is negotiating with a prominent actress to play the part.

A Boston critic says: "I believe if Mary Anderson should say in that voice of hers, 'May I trouble you for another piece of that beefsteak? I should burst into tears.' And yet they talk of Boston generosity."

Barry & Fay will open their season at Allentown, on Aug. 30. Their company is complete, and far superior to that of last year's. Hugh Fay will arrive from Denver in time for the opening. His health is greatly improved.

To satisfy a railroad claim for \$2,580, some attached properties of the late Mapleson Opera Company were sold by the Sheriff in 'Frisco recently. Most of the stuff was bought by the attaching party. The sale netted ostensibly \$2,322.

The "Adonis," young ladies all swear it, And London can ditto declare it, Their clothes are too 'few,' But what can they do?

They have nothing to wear—and they wear it.

It is stated that the Vienna authorities have refused leave of absence to Hans Richter to attend the Wagner festival at Bayreuth this month, and that only a very short leave of absence has been granted to Materna, Winkelmann and Richmann.

There is no truth in the report that Thos. W. Keene, the tragedian, is not likely to act next season because of ill health. Mr. Keene is all right and will certainly make a starring tour next season of the principal cities, opening in Pittsburg October 4.

"Rienzi," which Lawrence Barrett revives at the Star Theatre in September, will be a novelty to the present generation of theatre-goers, as it has not been seen since the elder Wallack played in it about thirty years ago at the old Bowery Theatre.

Charles D. Herman, at one time a leading Philadelphia actor, and the past two or three years playing the leading parts in "Siberia" and the "White Slave," will be the leading support to Frederick Warde next season. Miss Eugenia Blair will be the leading lady.

There is one thing for which Lotta deserves all praise. During her long professional career, from the time she sang around the California concert saloons until to-day, not a word of scandal has been uttered against her. She is an exemplary daughter and is a member of the church.

The Alfa Norman Opera company open their season in Cleveland and their tour extends as far West as San Francisco, where they play two weeks at the Baldwin theatre. The chief features of their repertoire will be the successful "Maid of Belleville" and "The Flower of Pekin," a very tuneful opera by Lecocq.

Osmond Tearle will open with his new play, "Kenneth Gordon," in San Francisco, Oct. 11, and will tour the country eastward, opening in New York shortly after the holidays. He is said to have the strongest of all the new plays announced. It was successfully played in England under another title for three consecutive years.

A genuine American opera is "The Maid and the Moonshiners." Mr. Hoyt is the author of the clever libretto, which, altogether, is written on a higher plane than any of his earlier efforts, such as "A Bunch of Keys" and "A Rag Baby." Mr. Duff, under whose management the opera will be placed on the boards, thinks the success of his novelty already assured. The music is by Teddie Solomon, and the first performance is intended the middle of August.

## THE GUILTY PAIR.

Chicago's Latest Sensational Tragedy.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A little old woman went to Saloon Keeper Strahl's place, in Chicago, one morning four weeks ago, and cried bitterly as she tottered up the stairs. She opened the door of the parlor, in which a lamp was burning dimly. Sitting with their left hands clasped, were Mary, the saloon keeper's wife, and Anton Pekersky, and the little woman was his mother.

"Oh, Anton," she cried, "come home with me and be a good boy."

The young man started to rise. As he did so the younger woman cutched him, and, turning toward the mother, exclaimed:

"Tony is old enough to take care of himself. He must stay here."

The old lady left the house, and from that moment until she beheld the blood-bespattered face of her son in the Morgue a few mornings after, has suffered more than even she herself can tell.

Six weeks ago last Saturday Anton quit work for the railroad. He had been earning \$54 a month, and out of this stipend he managed to save \$160, which he gave to his sister Rose to keep for him. From the day he stopped work the young man thought of nothing but the saloon keeper's wife. He visited the place day and night. Strahl was either blind to the lasso or unwilling to end it. Certain it is that he never interfered. The mother, seeing that Anton was fast in the meshes of the woman, and despairing of releasing him, now urged Strahl to close the doors of his saloon against him. This Strahl refused to do.

Last Monday morning, a week ago, Anton told his mother that he was going to seek work in another city. He wanted \$5 with which to purchase a trunk. The money was given to him. This was at 8 o'clock in the morning. He then left the house. Where he went during the day has not yet been made clear, although it is known that he visited Strahl's saloon in the afternoon and drank a glass of beer. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Strahl left her house with about \$30 in her pocket. She told her husband that she was going to visit friends in St. Louis. Hurrying to a place agreed upon between her paramour and herself she took his arm and the two boarded a Division street car. They rode to the western terminus of the line where they alighted and walked out upon the deserted prairie.

After reaching a secluded spot the young man proceeded to carry out a plan which it is safe to say both had agreed upon. That plan meant murder and suicide. The woman was slain by a bullet through her brain, but the murderer, appalled at his work, did not have the courage to take his own life as he had sworn to do.

Just what the young man did after leaving his dead paramour in the grass will probably remain a mystery. No trace of him was found until a few days ago, when a Lincoln Park policeman discovered a young man in a kneeling posture near one of the roadways. His face was buried in the sand and his right hand clutched a small revolver. There were two bullet holes in his breast and another behind the left ear. It was evident that he had been dead but a short time.

Anton's brother-in-law Frank read in a newspaper the other morning the description of a man who had leaped into the north branch. It corresponded so closely with the appearance of Anton that he determined to visit the Morgue, where the body was lying. Anton's mother desired to go with him. Neither was aware that Mrs. Strahl and Anton lay upon two marble slabs in the dead house. When the two reached the Morgue Frank told the keeper that he wanted to look at the man who had committed suicide by drowning. The keeper pointed out the body, and Frank said it was not his brother-in-law. He started to retrace his steps, but had gone but a few feet when his eyes fell upon Anton's body on one of the slabs. As soon as the mother saw the body she became frantic, and would have fallen to the floor had not her son-in-law supported her. Her wild eyes ran over the dead bodies lying beside that of her son, then she clenched her fists and rushed toward the body of the woman. With tears streaming down her wrinkled face the old woman made a determined effort to scratch the features of the dead. She was then removed from the Morgue in a faint.

Traynor identified the Lincoln Park suicide as Anton and the woman as Mrs. Strahl. Messengers were sent to the saloon keeper's house to notify him. The news of the discovery was the first intimation to him that his wife was not in St. Louis. When he reached the Morgue Anton's mother shook her fists at him and would have pounced upon him had she not been restrained. Strahl, in identifying the woman as his wife, manifested no sorrow and said he would not bury her.

## SHE HAD MARRIED AGAIN.

Another Enoch Arden case was developed in Pittsburg, Pa., at a late hour the other night, and one that has many romantic features as well as a pathetic side. For twenty years John Fisher and his wife lived happily together and reared a family of four children. Fisher was a humble street-car driver, but he had a pleasant home and a devoted little family. Two years ago, however, he lost his place, and in the then prevailing labor depression was unable to procure another, and after seeking here in a vain effort to procure work he started out into the world to find it elsewhere. He was heard from at different points along the Ohio River, and was proceeding South when one day word was received by his family that he had fallen overboard from a Mississippi steamboat above Natchez and was drowned. His supposed widow mourned him for a time, and after a proper interval married a well-to-do merchant named Schultz, with whom she is at present living.

A few nights ago, however, Fisher turned up safe and sound, and, going to his former home, found it occupied by strangers, who could give him no account of his family. Seeking out an acquaintance, he learned the state of affairs, and then went to find his wife, with whom he had an interview, which resulted in his declaring that the fault was his, that he had never communicated with his family, and that, as his wife had mourned him as dead, and was happy in her new relations, and his children are well provided for, he will not disturb the present state of affairs, but will vanish from the scene. The woman thus unhappily placed is much distressed.

Fisher says that he jumped overboard from the steamboat to rescue another deck passenger who had fallen overboard, and who was drowned, and that the boat did not stop to pick him up. Hence the report that he was drowned.

## OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

## Mrs. Cleveland's Poodle.

The other day at the White House a dentist drove up in a closed carriage. There was a great time in getting out of the carriage the patent buzz-saw instrument which the latest style dentists paddle with their foot while operating. Finally the buzz saw was carried into the private part of the house, and the dentist followed with a large bag of instruments and tooth pullers. A cold chill settled on all in sight as the man of torture passed behind the screen and was lost to public gaze. When the dentist came out everybody wanted to know whose teeth he had been fixing, but no one could tell. He got into the carriage with his bag of instruments, and his buzz-saw contrivance was handed in after him. Just as he drove off one of the employees said that the President was afraid Hector, Mrs. Cleveland's Antwerp poodle, would go mad, so he had sent for a dentist to file off his sharp teeth, and this explained the mysterious dental visit.

## She Takes the Cake in the Water.

Sporting in the water was a young girl, the picture of health and maidenly happiness. Her face and arms were brown as a berry, and she sported in the breakers like a mermaid. She could swim a better stroke than any of the young men surrounding her. Her graceful antics in the water attracted the attention not only of the bathers, but of every looker-on from the splendid bath houses of the Hollywood cottages. She would dive and turn a somersault in the water as gracefully as a swan, and her plain but neatly fitting bathing suit added charm to her movements, without retarding them. She must have been in the water a half hour or more, the very picture of a water nymph. I never saw a female swimmer who could match her either in agility or gracefulness. Every one was inquiring her name, and just as she walked out of the water, a perfect picture of symmetry and becoming modesty, some one said: "Why, that is Jennie Kenny, of Philadelphia. She is the most noted swimmer at Elberon, or along the coast."

## She Had a Dandy Eye.

The belle of Long Branch has a black eye. There isn't a girl at the Branch who doesn't envy her the distinction that she gained through it, and any number of them would take a black eye to-morrow if they felt sure of their ability to turn such an unsightly spectacle into a badge of beauty and attractiveness. But it so happens that the particular young lady who owns this injured optic is just the jolliest sort of a girl imaginable; and she would probably make as merry over an accident of any kind, as long as it didn't keep her away from the boys, as she is over her present disaster.

The accident that gave her this badge of beauty occurred over at the race course. She was thrown from a carriage, and, while her companion was painfully injured, she escaped with a discolored eye and a short spell of unconsciousness.

"Oh, isn't this dreadful?" she exclaimed, when she came to herself. "What will the boys say? I can't go to the dance to-night!"

Just the same when she reached the hotel and held council of war with herself she resolved to go to the ball and risk the danger of humiliation and dismay. But her very bravado in defying the gossip of her girl friends turned the tide in her favor, and her engagement card was filled for every dance before she had been in the room a quarter of an hour. Since then she has been the belle of the hotel. She goes everywhere, and does everything, from bathing and tennis in the morning to dancing and a supper at Pleasure Bay at night.

At the proprietor's ball last Thursday night week at the West End she appeared in a handsome eel blue, low cut, and a group of diamonds glittering in a pendant from her necklace. The much admired eye was circled with its usual patch of black; but she had had it painted during the afternoon, and it looked very much as if the little witch had spread the paint much lower than necessary, just to show that the black was still there.

## He Jumped On Him.

Dr. Houghton, of Knox county, Indiana, recently released from the insane hospital, is in Buffalo, where he proposes to institute proceedings for damages for unjustifiable confinement and cruelty. After his confinement in Buffalo he was transferred to the Indiana hospital as a dangerous lunatic. He was released. He tells the following story:

"On the 8th of June, while on my way to Danville, Livingston county, N. Y., I was arrested at Buffalo without having committed any act unbecoming a gentleman or said a single word that those who knew me would have said to be strange or unusual. Without any trial or a direct medical examination I was sent to the insane asylum near Buffalo, and confined there eleven months and three days. On the night of June 15, a brutal Irish attendant, 'William,' jumped on me when I was lying quietly in my bed and broke three ribs on the left side, beat me with the heel of a slipper until he was tired, and choked me and threw me on the floor and left me for dead. No notice was taken of my condition until the 17th. Supt. Andrews pretended to examine me and said no bones were broken. He ordered a large sticking plaster applied to cover the worst of the bruises, and told my relatives that it was only a skin bruise. During the first week of my imprisonment I was dosed with a mixture of morphine and atropia or belladonna, which made me wild. I protested against the drugging and told them I did not want any experiments tried on me. They gave me to understand that I was a legitimate subject for experiment and forced down my throat whatever they pleased. After the first week hydrate of chloral was substituted for the other mixture. I was so dosed with cod-liver oil and quinine for six months, until I refused to take any more and threatened to break the head of any man who should attempt to pour another dose down my throat.

"Scarcely a day passed for many months that I was not beaten or abused or insulted in some way by attendants or officers. When their abuse had passed the limit of human endurance I made up my mind to stop it, and fought for reason and life until I compelled them to respect me as a dangerous lunatic. My friends were not allowed to see me or correspond with me. My correspondence with my relatives was intercepted or stolen. Yet Dr. Andrews says I was not abused and was properly treated. There is a difference of opinion between us that a jury will have to settle in a court of justice."



## THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Marie Briggs.

A very sensational shooting affair took place at Sharon, Medina county, Ohio, last Thursday week. Seneca S. Totman, a wealthy farmer, shot another well-to-do neighbor, Thomas G. Briggs, for some fancied grievance, and then attempted to take his own life. The affair grew out of an accusation made against Totman by many people in the vicinity of Sharon, who charged him with the ruin and seduction of pretty Marie Briggs, who was placed under his care by an uncle of Briggs' when he died. The girl, strange to say, conceived a strong liking for her guardian, Totman, who was her senior by nearly twenty-five years, and who had a wife and a bright little boy now aged seven. This attachment, which amounted to infatuation, was reciprocated by the object of her misdirected affection.

Family infelicities ensued and scandal was created sufficient to give the gossips of the neighborhood abundant topics for discussion. Matters grew worse, and in the spring of 1884 most ugly rumors began to be circulated concerning the alleged criminal relations of Totman and his fifteen-year-old ward.

The girl disappeared. No one except Totman knew where. It appears that she was sent to Cleveland to a private retreat and there, it is said, a terrible crime was committed.

About this time Totman left, and, it is said, went to California; but he could not leave his farm and his business at home. He returned home in March, 1885, just one day after a strong, healthy child was born to Marie at the home of a neighbor. The child lived but a few hours after his arrival; the cause of death not being generally known, the most intense excitement followed. Mob violence was talked of, and it is said, that upon one occasion only a leader was lacking to have put into execution the freely expressed threats.

During the excitement which followed the desperate man sent Marie to Los Angeles, California.

The girl arrived in California a mere wreck of her former self: and weak, sick and dispirited. She grew steadily worse until she lay at death's door. Just here, it is said, that the girl, believing that she was about to die, made a statement which was reduced to writing, telling the whole truth in the matter.

The now dying girl asked to be taken home to die, and was brought to Sharon in May of this year to die at Totman's home on June 9. President Cone of Buchtel College preached her funeral sermon to a large crowd of friends, and all that remained of Marie Briggs was laid to rest in the village cemetery.

Gradually the excitement throughout the neighborhood subsided; but Totman was kept in a state of desperation continually by means of anonymous letters, which reached him at all times and from all quarters. These missives threatened mob violence, incendiarism, tar and feathers and such things, and scared him nearly to death. The matter so preyed upon his mind that he started at the rustle of every leaf and drew his revolver at the sudden approach of every stranger.

## A Millionaire's Son's Crime.

Robert Drakeley, aged 20 years, was the son of the late Henry Drakeley, the Baltimore millionaire, who made his money in the fruit canning business, and died a few years ago. Mr. Drakeley's early home was in Woodbury, Conn., twelve miles from Waterbury, whence Senator Sherman's ancestors also came. The town is a favorite summer resort for city people. Henry Drakeley removed from Woodbury several years ago, but left his brother George's widow and his family living in a fine house in the western part of the town. Young Robert used to come to visit his aunt frequently after both his own parents were dead. Though he talked at times of studying medicine or for the priesthood, he had no real, definite object in life. He had a large income, which he squandered on women and drink, indulging also in the opium habit and the use of chloral. When he should come of age next year he knew that he was to obtain his part of his father's estate. His friends did all they could to make him worthy of his inheritance, but he seemed to grow worse.

About six months ago Drakeley came to visit his aunt in Woodbury. He then fell completely into the toils of one Maud Marwick, eighteen years his senior and of Irish origin. In early life this woman had been known as Maggie Davis, and the family of George P. Allen, now Postmaster at Woodbury, thought so much of her that they had her educated as a professional nurse. In this capacity she is well known throughout the neighborhood. But she was very loose in her habits, and her name has been connected with many scandals involving prominent persons, one a clergyman. Some years ago she married a man named Marwick, with whom she disagreed after the birth of a little girl twelve years ago and left him. The Allens

then did all they could to make a woman of her. Lately Mr. Allen disposed of his house near Gordon's tannery to her, and prepared to build another house opposite the Parker House. The house she thus obtained was one of the handsomest on the street. Soon after this, about five weeks ago, she and Robert Drakeley went to New York, and were married by a Catholic priest. This exasperated Drakeley's friends, and he took to drink stronger than ever.

The other night Drakeley returned home crazy drunk. He locked all the doors and took the keys. The other occupants of the house had retired. At about 11 o'clock shots were heard in the bedroom occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Drakeley. The little Marwick girl, who had remained with her mother, became frightened, and, finding the doors locked, climbed from a high window with a baby in her arms and hurried to a neighbor's.

Meantime Drakeley had left the house and ran across the street toward Dr. Kelcham's. Alexander Gordon, his son-in-law, and Lewellyn Allen hurried in their night clothes to the Drakeley residence, where they found Mrs. Drakeley dead on the floor and a 32-calibre revolver with every chamber empty. An examination of the now stupid Drakeley showed that one of the balls had passed through his left hand and had lodged in his ankle. Medical Examiner Munger was summoned from Watertown, who found that the fatal ball had passed clean through the woman's heart and had stopped just at the surface in the back. Coroner Hardenburgh, of Canaan, was notified and arrived at 10 o'clock. After his verdict Drakeley was put under arrest and will be bound over to the Superior Court. This is the third murder in the town in thirty years—the famous Bradley murder in 1856 and the Maher murder in 1881.

Investigation reveals that Drakeley was jealous of his wife without cause, and angry because she insisted upon caring for an infant obtained from New York. When the row began Mrs. Drakeley daughter by her



He smokes opium.

former husband fled from the house with the child. Drakeley was wild with liquor, but did the deed deliberately. His own wounds were accidentally inflicted.

## Two of Kind.

Thirty-two years ago James Storms lived with his wife and two baby boys just north of Chattanooga, Tenn. Times were hard and the young farmer could scarcely make ends meet, so he concluded to try his fortune in the West. He went to the northern part of California, and having established a prosperous business sent back for his wife. She replied that she would start in a short time, and that was the last he heard of her for thirty-two years. Storms wrote to his wife and sent her money, but she failed to receive his letters or money, and her letters to her husband failed to reach him. Year after year Storms wrote to his wife and his relatives, but the letters were returned, and he finally lost hope and concluded that his wife was dead. Mrs. Storms, heartbroken with grief over her husband's prolonged silence and absence, also gave him up as dead. Storms moved to Michigan and six years ago married a young woman of Detroit.

Three weeks ago Storms concluded to return to Chattanooga and embark in the lumber business. All his former friends were dead and no one could give him any trace of his relatives.

He learned that a man named Storms lived near the city and he took his wife and little daughter to visit him, to see if they could find any trace of his family. He was met by a middle-aged man, who in-



After the shooting.

roduced Storms to his mother, an aged, white-haired woman. Inquiry developed the fact that the woman was Storms' first wife, and that he had been talking to his own son. Explanations were made and Storms' second wife was introduced. The two wives kissed each other affectionately and the son addressed them both as mother, and Storms realized that he had two wives. What turn the matter will take is not known. Storms says that his love for his first wife is as strong as ever, while he is devoted to No. 2.

## Killed in a Bagnio.

A terrible tragedy was enacted in the bagnio at 157 West Maryland street, Indianapolis, the other afternoon. John Wagner firing four shots at his mistress,



The two wives meet.

three of which took effect and inflicted fatal injury. The pair had been consorting together for several years, more or less, but about two years ago Wagner left Indianapolis and went to Frankfort, Ky., and other points, serving in the first named place as a bartender, which is his regular occupation. Some weeks ago he returned, and it seems that he at once renewed his old associations with the woman, who is known as Frankie Howe, but whose real name is Isabella Newberry, and owing to a disposition on her part to "shake him" there were several violent quarrels.

Wagner had been drinking freely, and his mind was evidently more or less unbalanced by his excessive dissipation. The woman's place was in a quarter of the city which has been recently receiving Grand Jury attention, and she was preparing to move to another location, and the help engaged in packing the furniture, when Wagner put in an appearance and greeted her with the remark: "Frankie, how do we stand?" whereupon she answered, "Johnny, I think I owe you about \$40," whereupon he answered, "Well, then, let me have my gun." To this she objected, saying, "Johnny, you don't need it," but he persisted, adding, "I need it in my business," and as he appeared sober and apparently in good humor she handed him the weapon and which he at once turned upon her and began shooting.

The first shot struck her in the breast, penetrating between the second and third ribs and going clear through the body, coming out near the spine. She then dropped to the floor, and he fired three additional shots, one of them flying wild going through the floor, while a third scraped across the abdomen, making a flesh wound, and the last struck the right leg near the calf, and, ranging upward, broke the bone near the knee. Patrolman Laporte found Wagner calmly standing over his victim, who was lying on the floor, writhing in pain. He was remanded to the police station, and the Howe woman was provided with surgical attention.

In appearance the woman is not attractive, and she is apparently aged about thirty years. Her associates speak of her as kind-hearted and "square" in her dealings, and that she was forced into the disreputable business to support her children, of whom at that time she had two. There is still living a girl aged about



She gave him the shooter.

eight. Wagner is a man about forty years old, slightly gray, and while he was in the saloon business he was regarded as a companionable fellow, good-natured and clever to a fault, but ugly when his temper was aroused. It was difficult to anger him. At one time his family consisted of a wife and child, but his wife and he could not agree, and she returned to her people at Columbus, Ohio.

## TAR AND FEATHERS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Word has been received of a raid made on two households of adulterers the other morning near Potts Hill, Ohio, in the remote south-western part of the county. For a long time John W. Follis, a married man, has been keeping at his house his divorced sister-in-law named Stultz, and has been sharing his bed with her. Early Friday morning last twelve masked men from the neighborhood went to Follis' house, entered it forcibly and hauled Follis out of bed and out of the house to the road and gave him a thorough coating of tar and feathers from head to foot. Follis has a long, thick beard and long hair, and the raiders filled both with tar and feathers. They then gave Follis several severe kicks and left him. A short distance from Follis' house is the house of Henry Potts, who has been bestowing his affections upon a woman twenty years his senior, named Macie Penwell. The raiders made a visit to Potts and found the pair in bed together. They took them both out into the road and covered each with tar and feathers and then left them in their plight.

## A WATCH HILL SENSATION.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A Southern belle from Atlanta has proved herself a plucky, daring darling by riding around the shore of Watch Hill, Westerly, R. I., on a very novel rig propelled by two elegant Newfoundland dogs. We give a full-page illustration of the beauty in her great act in another part of this issue.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Most everybody knows the dashing gentleman whose handsome face illuminates the head of this column. He is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast by no other name than "Reckless Charlie," the King Bee. He is a Knight of the Camera, and has taken pictures under fire from the red skins, and we might say under all possible circumstances.

## Fred Paulsen.

Fred Paulsen stands 5 feet 8 inches in height and weighs 180 pounds. He has figured in numerous matches on the Pacific Slope, and has issued a challenge to wrestle any man in America, Greco-Roman style, for \$1,000.

## Ed. Moulton and His Athletic Wife.

In all parts of the country Ed. Moulton and his wife are known as famous athletes. Moulton at one time was one of the fastest sprinters in this country, and he has figured as a horse-team runner and trainer. Mrs. Moulton for years has the reputation of being the most expert Indian club swinger in America.

## Turk.

In this issue we publish a portrait of Turk, two years and six months old, who fights at twenty-six pounds. He recently fought George Fullames', of Toronto, dog Billy, for \$300, killing him in 42 minutes. Turk is owned by George Sabins, who stands ready to match him against any 26-pound dog in America, for \$300 to \$1,000 a side.

## Mr. and Mrs. Lieut. Henn.

We publish this week on other pages portraits of Lieut. Henn and his charming wife, who have recently arrived from England in their racing cutter Galatea. This fast yacht is the one selected to contest with American yachts this year for the America's cup. The race will attract considerable attention in the sporting world, and will be the event among yachtsmen.

## Arthur Wallace.

In this issue we publish a portrait of Arthur Wallace, the champion swimmer of the Pacific slope. He was born in Santa Cruz on May 2, 1868, stands 5 feet 11½ inches in height and weighs 200 pounds. He has won numerous matches and it is claimed that he has swam 100 yards in 57.15 seconds. Wallace is open to swim any man on the Pacific Coast any distance from 100 yards to 10 miles for \$500 a side.

## Joseph Kees.

Kees is wanted for the brutal killing of his housekeeper, Mrs. Cookley, whom he beat to death some few weeks ago in his home at Fayetteville, Pa. Kees was born in what was known as old Virginia. His father owned the plantation and his mother was a mulatto slave, owned by his father. They went to Fayetteville in 1859, and lived there ever since. The father was a man of violent temper, and he is said to have treated his slaves and those around him very harshly. The son has inherited some of his father's traits of character, as lately shown by his brutal crime.

## Wm. Baggott.

The elopement of William Baggott and Georgia Twomey is still talked about by Jeffersonville (Ind.) people. It can be called an elopement, for tidings of the missing people have been received, and one who knows them both says he has seen them together in a hotel. Mr. James Leville, a railroad man, arrived at Louisville, Ky., from Montgomery, Ala., and informed Detective Bligh that he had seen Baggott and Miss Twomey eating supper together at a hotel in the former town. They looked quite innocent and happy, and chatted merrily. Dr. Thomas Baggott, a brother of the refugee, arrived in Jeffersonville, Ind., a few days ago and made good his brother's deficiencies. The latter consisted of \$250 taken from the safe of the Bryant & Brown Boot and Shoe Company at the penitentiary and a forged check of \$1,150 on the First National Bank of Jeffersonville.

## CARDWELL CAPTURED AGAIN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Some two weeks ago John Cardwell, who was to have been hanged at Wilkesboro, N. C., on July 30 for assaulting his own daughter, was rescued by a mob, who raided the jail, and was spirited away. He was twice respited, but the hanging was set finally for July 30. Last week he was again taken by John White and John Bishop, two brave young fellows who are not yet twenty years of age. They found him in the forest, near Wilkesboro, asleep and intoxicated.

Newsdealers and subscription agents are particularly requested to send their name and address on postal card, to Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Sq., N. Y.





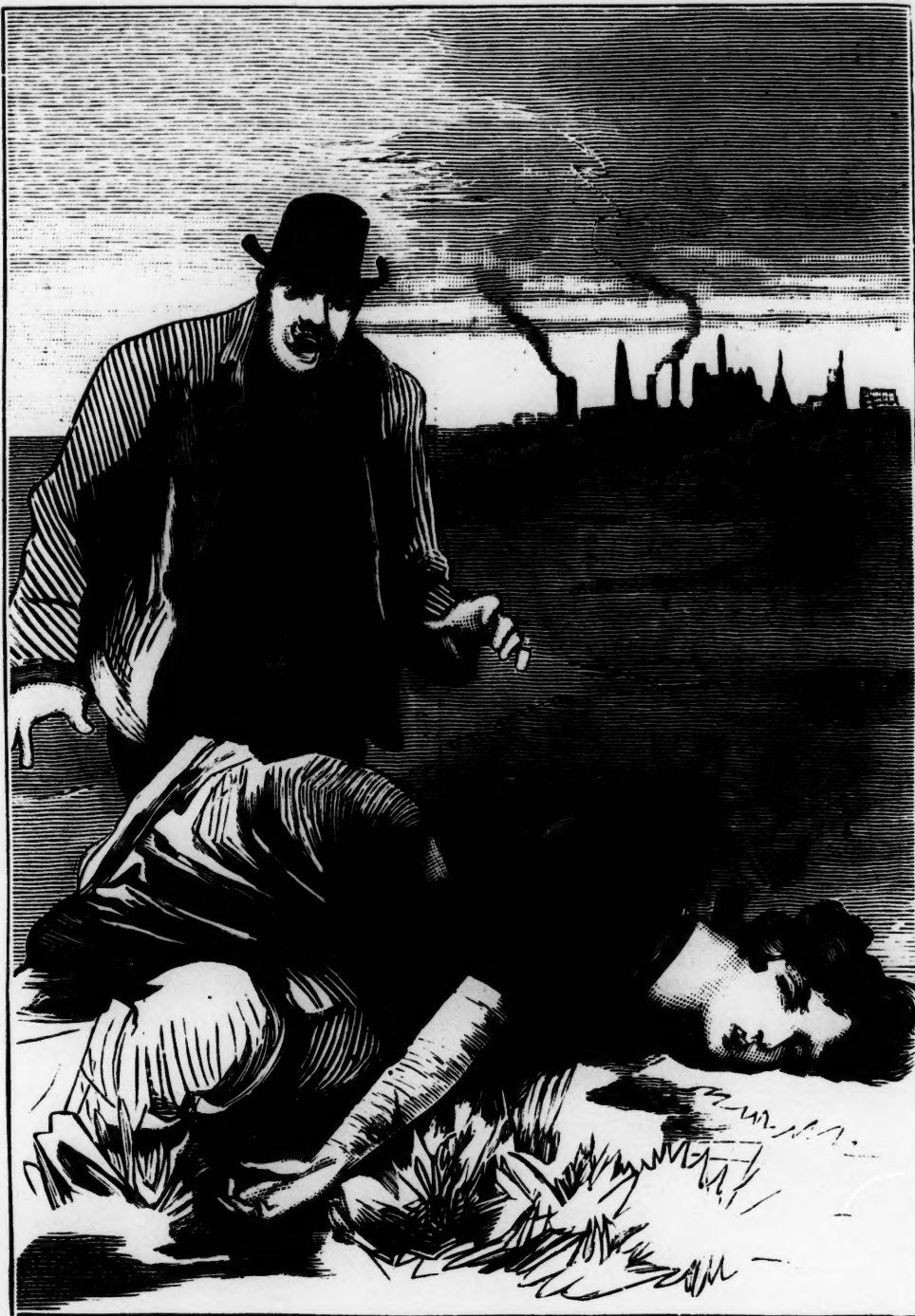
MRS. LIEUTENANT HENN,  
THE LADY WHO CROSSED THE ATLANTIC ON THE ENGLISH CUTTER GALATEA,  
COMMANDED BY HER HUSBAND.

#### A Naughty Copper.

County Policeman Andy Schlagel was arrested the other day at Louisville, Ky., upon a serious charge. On Sunday he attended a family picnic given by Mr. Charles Schaeffer, a brewer, and came home in a wagon with a party of women and young girls. Several times during the trip Schlagel, in whose head the beer seems to have spun cobwebs, was caught with his hands under the clothes of the women and girls, who finally began to shriek. The driver of the wagon turned and knocked Schlagel

down, and then threw him out of the wagon. The next morning he was arrested upon a warrant sworn out by a police lieutenant. Schlagel claims that he was drunk and did not know what he was doing.

PEOPLE who want to "do" Niagara on an economical plan are enjoying, free of expense, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands and all points from which the Falls can be seen on the American side. It is said that the only two relics of the old days of Niagara are the hackmen and the curiosity bazars.



#### HIS MURDERED MISTRESS.

DISCOVERY OF THE BODY OF MRS. STRAHL WHO WAS KILLED BY HER PARAMOUR  
ANTON PEKERSKY, CHICAGO, ILL.



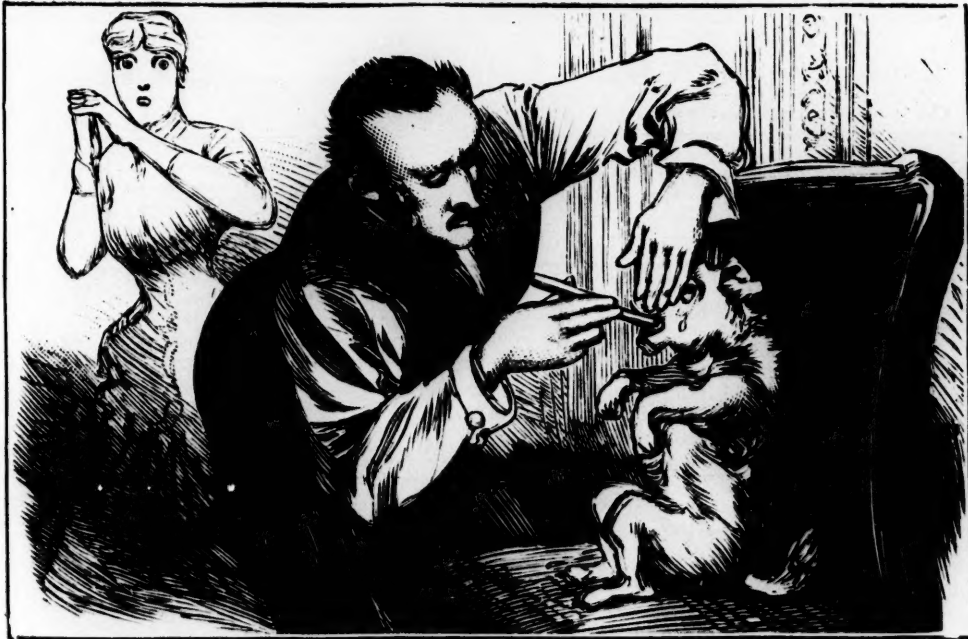
#### A BELLE'S BLACK EYE

SHE APPEARS AT THE HOPS WITH A DANDY DONE-UP OPTIC, AT LONG BRANCH,  
NEW JERSEY.



#### HE JUMPED ON HIS NECK.

THE CRUEL TREATMENT DOCTOR HOUGHTON OF KNOX COUNTY, IND., SAYS HE  
RECEIVED AT DANSVILLE, N. Y.



#### MRS. CLEVELAND'S POODLE.

POOR LITTLE HECTOR HAS HIS TEETH FILED DOWN AT THE WHITE HOUSE BY  
THE ORDERS OF THE PRESIDENT.



#### A MERRY MERMAID.

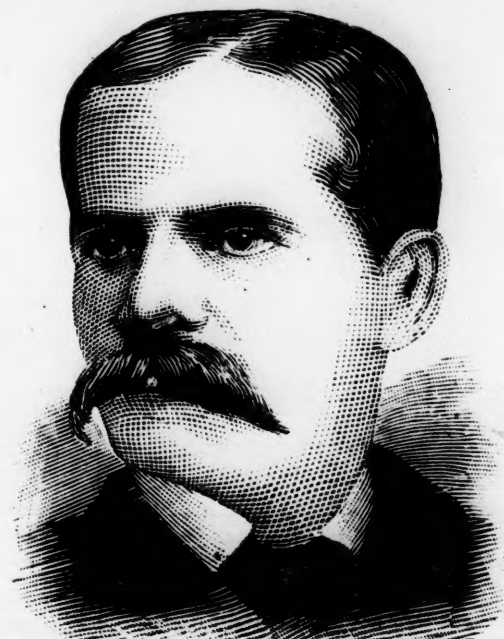
HOW PRETTY MISS JENNIE KENNY OF PHILADELPHIA CAPTURES THE HEARTS  
OF ALL THE DUDES AT ELBERON, N. J.





PRETTY MISS PETTY,

A YOUNG LADY WHO DEFENDED HER GOOD NAME BY TAKING THE LAW IN HER OWN HANDS AT SANDY CREEK, N. Y.



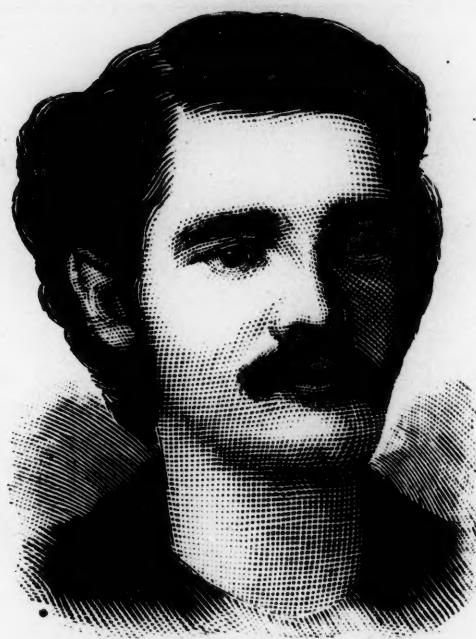
WILLIAM BAGGOTT,

WHO ELOPED WITH GEORGIA TWOMEY TAKING WITH HIM FUNDS NOT HIS OWN, JEFFERSONVILLE, IND.



CARDWELL CAPTURED AGAIN.

THE FIEND IS CAUGHT WHILE NAPPING IN THE FOREST UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF RUM, WILKSBORO, N. C.



JOSEPH KEES,

THE SLAYER OF MRS. COOKLEY WHO LIVED WITH HIM AS HIS HOUSEKEEPER, FAYETTEVILLE, PA.



THOMAS G. BRIGGS,

THE WEALTHY FARMER WHO WAS SHOT BY SENECA TOTMAN NEAR SHARON, OHIO.



SENECA TOTMAN,

THE ALLEGED SEDUCER OF HIS WARD, WHO SHOT BRIGGS AND THEN HIMSELF NEAR SHARON, O.



SHE PUT ON SOME TOGS.

MRS. HAZEN'S STATEMENT REGARDING THE DROWNING OF MRS. EVENDON AT THE WICKED LITTLE PICNIC NEAR HANNIBAL, MO.



# A SHE SERPENT

Mrs. Sarah J. Robinson Said To  
Have Murdered Eleven  
People By Poisoning.

## A CUNNING KILLER.

The Most Marvelous Story of Modern  
Times.

Mrs. Sarah J. Robinson, a widow, forty-eight years of age, who was arrested in West Somerville, near Boston, Mass., the other day, on a charge of attempting to murder her son, William J. Robinson, by administering poison, and her alleged accomplice, Thomas R. Smith, were arraigned in the police court in Somerville the next morning. Mrs. Robinson came into court trembling, and appeared very much shaken and shattered in mind and body. To the complaint, which charged them with "mingling poison with



I have a warrant.

medicine with intent to kill one William J. Robinson," both pleaded not guilty.

Judge Story decided to continue the cases, and held Mrs. Robinson in \$25,000 and Mr. Smith in \$3,500 bail. In the meantime the boy died, and the charge of wilful murder is now made against the woman. The alleged accomplice, Thomas R. Smith, a married man, fifty-eight years of age, who has a home and family in Hyde Park, was also arrested as he was about to enter the widow's house in West Somerville. He has been a constant visitor there, and is suspected of having maintained illicit relations with the widow. The arrests were made after a chemical analysis by a Harvard professor had shown traces of arsenic in matter from the stomach of the widow's son, who was then lying at the point of death at her house in West Somerville. The dying boy asserted that his mother and Smith had both given him poison in his food. An examination of the food given to the boy showed conclusively that poison was administered.

The case has created a feeling of horror among those conversant with the facts, and the deeper the investigation the more terrible the case appears. It is said that the police have information of the suspicious death of at least eleven persons.

The last victim was the son of Mrs. Robinson, who died the other morning in terrible agony, his physicians say of arsenical poisoning. This was the third death this year in the house. In March last her oldest daughter, Elizabeth, 24 years old, was stricken down with a peculiar malady which baffled the skill of her physicians. After a short illness she, like the rest, passed away. Hardly three months elapsed when Thomas A. Freeman, a child of whom Mrs. Robinson was guardian, fell a prey to illness and death speedily ensued.

The two last deaths following each other so soon, and



Before the Court.

being apparently similar in their symptoms, caused no little comment, but were regarded as peculiar rather than in a suspicious light. The taking down of William a few days ago with just such an attack as the others had, seemed to demand an examination. The physician, Dr. White, procured a quantity of the contents of the young man's stomach and sent it to Prof. Wood of the Harvard Medical College, who made an



The physicians take a drop to her game.

analysis, which showed large quantities of arsenic. Dr. White immediately informed the police, who arrested Mrs. Robinson and Thomas R. Smith.

The investigation of the police has but begun. They find that Mrs. Robinson, who is apparently a cultured woman, originally came from Chelsea, but for about four years previous to her coming to Somerville resided in various neighborhoods in Cambridge. The first known about her was when living on Brookline street in the latter city. It was there that her husband, who was a carpenter by trade, died very suddenly four years ago. He was taken ill on Fourth of July night with cramps and abdominal pains, which resulted fatally in a few hours. His death was attributed to drinking ice water when overheated. Mrs. Robinson next moved to Hewes street, where the second sudden death in her family occurred, the victim being a ten-year-old daughter. The circumstances of that death were regarded as very peculiar at the time. After a short residence at the last-named place she moved to De Wolf street. While living there her sister died in South Boston, whereupon the latter's husband, a Mr. Freeman, and his two small children went to live with Mrs. Robinson. The infant child died soon afterward. Mrs. Robinson soon after moved to 54 Boylston street, where Mr. Freeman was taken suddenly ill and died, the suddenness of his death again attracting attention and suspicion.

In connection with the death of Mr. Freeman, and, still later, of his son Thomas, are circumstances which the police interpret as shedding a little light on affairs. Mr. Freeman was a member of a secret society known as the United Order of Pilgrim Fathers, in which his life was insured for \$2,000. The money was made payable to his wife in case of his death, but his wife dying before him, the money was made payable to Mrs. Robinson, with the understanding that it was to be devoted to the support and education of his son. The death of the son placed the money unrestricted in Mrs. Robinson's hands.

Then the daughter of Mrs. Robinson, who died in



Smith arrested.

March, also had her life insured in the same society for \$2,000, which was made payable to the son William, who died Aug. 2. He in turn was insured for \$2,000 for the benefit of his mother, so that the latter will receive the insurance on his life and what has not been spent of the sum received on the daughter's. Mrs. Robinson's husband was insured for \$2,000 in the New England Mutual Relief Association. The payment of the policy was contested on the ground that the agent who received the premiums embezzled the money, and the case is still pending before the Supreme Court.

The police say, without giving details, that they have learned of eleven sudden deaths in Mrs. Robinson's household within the past four years. It has never happened that the same physician has been called twice.

The man Smith, charged with being an accomplice, has been a frequent visitor to Mrs. Robinson's house. He says he is an old friend of the family. It is said he is a social member of the same Pilgrim Fathers' Society that Mrs. Robinson and her children belong to, but is not entitled to the beneficiary advantages. He is fifty-eight years old and a respected citizen of Hyde Park, where he is the superintendent of a Methodist Sunday school.

An autopsy on the body of William Robinson and that of the Freeman boy showed the presence of arsenic in such quantities that a careful analysis was not necessary to demonstrate its presence. The other bodies of recently deceased relatives will be exhumed.

The facts coming to light regarding the charges of wholesale poisoning are of the most damaging nature. The physicians who attended the members of her household that have died during the past four years have all said that they have no doubt that their respective patients died by poison. They say that the woman is one of the most cunning and skillful of poisoners. All of them were puzzled, and two or three of them were suspicious at the time they were engaged

on the cases, but Mrs. Robinson always succeeded in allaying suspicion by her apparently genuine and extreme grief over the condition of the patients. She always seemed willing, too, that there should be consultations of physicians, but she would not consent to a post-mortem examination in any case. Dr. Dow, who attended Mr. Robinson in his last illness, became so suspicious that he spoke of the matter to his wife at the time. He did not then consider his suspicions sufficiently well grounded to request an investigation.

Dr. Church, who attended Emma, the ten-year-old daughter of Mrs. Robinson, on her death bed, said that her symptoms might all have been produced by poison,



The doctors puzzled.

and he has no doubt they were so caused. Two hours before the child died Mrs. Robinson made a great demonstration of grief, and accused Dr. Church of killing the child. She at another time asked Dr. Church if it would be possible for anyone to slowly poison the child without detection. Dr. Church replied in the negative, and wanted to know why she asked such a question. She said that Dr. Gambet, who lived in the same house, had complained about another physician being sent for when he was right at hand. Mrs. Robinson has since expressed her belief that he poisoned her daughter Emma in order to conceal an assault he committed on her.

The physician who attended an old gentleman named Steeper, who was a member of Mrs. Robinson's household, and who died about two years ago, says he has no doubt he was a victim of poison. He owned the house the Robinsons occupied, and had quite a little property, some of which came to Mrs. Robinson's hands after his decease.

There is no physician's name upon the death certificate of the Freeman child who died about a year ago. The cause of Elizabeth Robinson's death last February was returned as Bright's disease. The physician who attended her some time before her death says she had traces of that disease. The autopsy made on her exhumed body indicated arsenic. Smith, the alleged accomplice of Mrs. Robinson, is the prelate of the Lodge of Pilgrim Fathers, of which Wm. Robinson, who died last week, was a member. Both the accused, however, are now confined in Cambridge jail.

After the post mortem on the body of William J.



The medical examiner.

Robinson, at Somerville, Chief Parkhurst visited the jail, and endeavored to procure a confession from Mrs. Sarah J. Robinson, the suspected murderess, but without success. The woman was cool and self-

possessed most of the time, and only got excited when the chief said:

Now, see here, Mrs. Robinson, we don't want to keep you here any longer than can be helped. I wish you would tell me what Smith's relations in the case are. We know he is the guilty man, and we don't want you to shield him any longer.

At this point the woman began to jump up and down with excitement. "Oh, no!" she exclaimed, "he is not the one who did it. Mr. Smith is the best man in the world."

In spite of further coaxing the woman would not



The chemical analysis.

talk any more about the case. It is believed that Smith will weaken and tell what he knows before again going into court.

## MISS PETTY'S HORSEWHIP.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The village of Sandy Creek in the northern part of Oswego county, N. Y., is much agitated over an unusual occurrence which took place there a few days ago at the hotel kept by Eugene O. Bartlett, on the shore of Lake Ontario, at the mouth of a stream known as Little Sandy Creek. The place is a quiet summer resort, and a number of New Yorkers have been in the habit of spending a few weeks there for the past four or five years. Among the number has been Col. Petty. For several weeks Miss Kate Petty, daughter of Col. Petty, a prepossessing young lady about eighteen years old, has been at the farmhouse of Jacob Best, a mile from Bartlett's Hotel. She is young, handsome, agreeable, and a favorite among all her acquaintances. Shortly after her arrival a handsome young man came into the town and registered at the hotel as "William Lawton, Cincinnati." He did not stay there long but took up his abode at the farmhouse of John Young, near where Miss Petty



Her husband's sufferings.

was boarding. They had been friends in New York, where they became acquainted, and it was no secret among their acquaintances that he was the young lady's accepted lover. They were much in each other's society, and had made many friends in the vicinity.

The other evening Miss Petty learned for the first time that Bartlett had been circulating slanderous reports in regard to her character. She immediately informed her intended husband, and together they visited a local Justice of the Peace, who, it is said, discouraged any legal proceedings. When asked what he would do if it were his own daughter who had been slandered, he jokingly replied that he would probably purchase a horsewhip. They left the office of the level-headed Justice, and purchased a short stout whip like those used by drovers. The next morning they set out for the hotel. They met Bartlett a short distance from the place, and the young lady demanded an explanation, but before it could be given she had drawn the whip from under her wrap, and was showering blows thick and fast upon the unprotected body of the hotel man. Young Lawton, not to be outdone by his sweetheart, picked up a broom handle, and together they belabored Bartlett, who started on a run for the hotel, followed by the young people, who kept up the punishment until he had reached the piazza. In his flight Bartlett picked up a stick to defend himself, but it was of little use, and he is the only one who bears any marks of the encounter. His injuries, while not dangerous, are very painful, and the heavy whip lash has left several ugly scars that he will carry for many a day.

Harold Forsberg stars in "Robert Macaire" next season taking the title role, supported by Enez Rochelle, W. P. Sheldon and others, under the management of W. A. Tugarden. Frank Irving goes in advance.



# NAKED TRUTH.

Mrs. Hazen Says They Were All  
Nude But Her.

## MRS. EVENDON'S SAD FATE.

Statement of the Fishermen Who  
Witnessed the Wicked Doings of  
the Four Pleasure Seekers.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The sensational drowning of Mrs. Evendon at Hannibal, Mo., has been explained in the following manner by her companion, Mrs. Hazen:

"By prearrangement, on Thursday morning, July 29, 1886, Mrs. Evendon and myself met Robt. W. Cash and Rable M. Cheesman at the Worrell ice house, who were in a skiff, and we all went down the river. We took our dinners with us and had quite a family picnic. We tied up the boat near Rouse Island, on the east side, on the Illinois shore. After we had eaten our lunch we all got into the skiff and floated down the river near to the third island, where we all went in bathing. All were naked except myself—I wore a Mother Hubbard. Just at this point it seems there is a sand bar, and near it the water is very deep. I swam over and beyond this to where the water was more shallow.

"Mrs. Evendon and Mr. Cash attempted to swim over and from some cause Mrs. Evendon was drowned within a few feet of Cash who could not reach her. I could swim, but fearing that if I went to her rescue she would drown both of us. The body did not rise to the surface after a first sink. Cash and Cheesman then went into the skiff and fished for the body for more than an hour but could not find it. They could not reach the bottom with their oars.

"While Cash and Cheesman were fishing for the body I went up on the sand bar and dressed. Cash then took the skiff and brought me to the Missouri shore and landed me nearly opposite the cave. While on the way across the river I threw Mrs. Evendon's clothing into the river. Being landed on this side of the river I walked home alone, and Cash went back after Cheesman and returned to the city in the skiff. Mrs. Evendon made no outcry whatever in her struggle and Mr. Cash did all in his power to save her. Mrs. Evendon could not swim, and was drowned by getting beyond her depth."

The statement of the two fishermen is almost identical with that given by Mrs. Hazen. It is as follows:

"On Thursday, July 29, 1886, about 10 o'clock in the morning, we saw two men and two women in a skiff in the river between the first and second islands, floating down the river. They passed around the lower corner of Rouse Island, then went straight across to the east side of the river, on the east bank, and remained there some two hours. One of the men and one of the women got into the skiff and floated down the river, and were gone but a short time before they returned where the other two were and all ate their lunch. When they returned the woman who had been in the skiff asked the other woman if she had dinner ready; this we heard very distinctly. After having eaten their lunch they all got into the skiff and went down the river about a half mile, where they each undressed and went in bathing. They remained in bathing some half hour or perhaps longer, and while they were in bathing we could hear them laughing and talking plainly. While thus bathing we missed one of the number and saw one of the women coming towards us, she being entirely nude, and stop on the sand bar and dress. The two men then came up in the skiff to where she was. They remained but a short time before one of the men got out of the skiff and went into the brush, and the other man took the woman in the skiff across to the Missouri shore, where he left her and went directly back across the river, where they had eaten their dinners, and joined the other man. Here they remained in conversation for some time and we went to them and asked them if they were catching many fish. They both pulled their hats over their faces and replied, 'But few; they are not biting very good.' They did not seem to want to talk to us, and we passed on by them. They then got into their skiff and pulled up stream towards Hannibal. We noticed that one of them had a breech loading gun.

"We could distinctly hear them talking and laughing when they were in bathing, but we heard no cries of distress or alarm. We missed the woman while she was in bathing, but at that time we were not close enough to them to recognize them. The woman that came out to dress came up very close to where we were, and we are positive that of them were entirely nude. If there had been any cries of distress or for help we could have heard them, and if we had been told that any one was drowned we could have recovered the body. We know the nature of the channel and the bars where they were, and we know there was no necessity of any one's being drowned at that place as the water is not exceeding four feet deep anywhere near where they were. Last Friday, (Aug. 6) we saw three men who seemed to be measuring the depth of the water at least a quarter of a mile from where the woman was drowned. At that point the water is very deep, but the parties were not near that point while bathing.

(Signed)

JAMES L. McCANN,  
ALLEN MYERS.

### A NEW TRICK.

Everybody in New York felt very sorry the other morning when they read in the morning papers a story of a baby that had died in the charge of a woman who had taken it to board in answer to an advertisement in the newspapers. Two gentlemen, one claiming to be a lawyer, made the arrangement with the woman and took her to the Grand Central Depot, where a lovely ostensible mother from New Haven wept scalding tears at the stern divorce suit necessity that compelled her to give up her little one for awhile. The death of the child caused the woman to report the case to the police that the ownership of the babe might be as-

certain, is alleged mother and the two men having failed to appear after the delivery at the Grand Central Station. The police shared the general sorrow until Ellen Mitchell, a comely mulatto, after reading the papers, came around and said that she also had a babe to board, which she had got by answering an advertisement. The two men, one a lawyer, the Grand Central Station, the beautiful New Haven mother, the scalding tears and the stern divorce suit necessarily were the same in this case as in the first. The police promptly concluded that what they had turned up was not a sad case of domestic woe, but a clever and extensive scheme for getting rid of inconvenient babies. Detectives are after the two men and the mother with the scalding tears, and similar babes are confidently expected to be reported right along now.

### VERY SHOCKING.

An arrest was made at Newport, R. I., last week for revelling that has created a good deal of excitement and no small amount of indignation. Frederick Ashenden, the well-known proprietor of the Horse Exchange, in New York, is the victim. He is there with large stables, and has daily dealings with cottagers, with whom he is universally popular. It was a moonlight night and his four-in-hand was hired by a party of young cottagers, who desired to take a ride around the Ocean drive, which covers nearly ten miles. An experienced driver was put in charge of them and a start was made about 11 o'clock. While on the way around the position's horn was sounded frequently. Returning to town and proceeding through the streets, the horn was again sounded, as it had been thousands of times before. No attempt was made to interfere with this innocent pleasure, but the next morning Mr. Ashenden was astonished by having a warrant served upon him charging him with "revelling in the night time."

Mr. Ashenden was taken in custody and his friends say that he has a case for damages for false imprisonment: for whether such a charge can hold or not, it is certain that Mr. Ashenden not only did not drive any four-in-hand or sound any position horn, but that he was not of the party. The cottagers, as well as Mr. Ashenden, are indignant. It has been the custom for years for four-in-hand parties to sound the horn, especially on the avenue, and no one has ever interfered with them or complained. A footman in the employ of Col. N. M. Beckwith, of New York, was arrested for a similar offense, but was released on payment of costs. In the present case Mr. Hitchcock, of the Polo Club, went bail for the defendant's appearance. The affair is the talk of the cottagers, clubs and hotels.

### DRAWN BY A MARINE MONSTER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The schooner William A. Grosier arrived the other day at Provincetown, Mass., from an exciting whaling voyage. She brings her skipper, Capt. Marshall, fatally injured from an encounter with a whale. They met the fish on the 14th of last month, and putting off in a boat, successfully harpooned it. The monster was the largest one, Capt. Marshall says, he ever saw, and upon being struck made off with the boat at a fearful speed. The day was drawing to a close, and just as the men were about letting him go he turned and, attacking the boat, destroyed it with one blow of his flukes. Capt. Marshall was thrown twenty feet in the air, falling on the whale's back and then bounding into the water. He was picked up internally injured. The mate held on to the line and, drawing himself up to the whale, had a ride, Neptune like, for more than six miles. Part of the time he was in the water, and the terrific rate at which they were going stripped him of most of his clothing.

The whale gave out, and the mate was rescued by another boat. The prize could not be secured, for after resting some time it made off. On the way home the boat spoke the brig Barstow, whose captain came to a peculiar end on July 15 in latitude 29, longitude 50, being instantly killed by a cutting pennant.

### BOUND TO GET HER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A young Englishman named Smith has been paying his addresses to Rebecca Smith, the daughter of a prominent farmer near Morton, Minn. Finding his suit resisted, he tried to kidnap his sweetheart. He subsequently met her at the residence of Newton Lane and requested her to marry him. She positively refused, whereupon Smith left the house and went to the stable. In a short time he returned with a horse and buggy belonging to Lane and called for his love. Receiving no reply, he went upstairs and found that she had locked herself in her room. He then forced open the door, dragged her down stairs and out into the yard. Giving no heed to her screams he threw her into the buggy and started for the international boundary. A struggle ensued en route, which ended in the buggy being smashed. The lady taking advantage of the accident, escaped back to the house of Lane, but Smith continued his journey to Dakota. Newton Lane and another gentleman the next day gave chase to the would-be kidnapper and overtook him at Elkton. He was arrested and tried for kidnapping, horse-stealing and house-breaking, and found guilty, and will undoubtedly be turned over to the Canadian authorities.

### A FIGHTING BURGLAR.

A desperate and fatal burglar hunt took place on Tchoupitoulas street, near the river, in New Orleans recently. Two young men who happened to be passing the corner of Peters avenue and Tchoupitoulas street noticed a negro burglar with a hatchet in one hand and a bundle in the other escaping from a house. They gave the alarm, and he started down the street toward the river, followed closely by the men and a policeman who came up. At the river he jumped into a skiff and was cutting it loose when his pursuers came up. He kept them at bay with his hatchet long enough to throw off his pants and shoes, and then sprang into the river and swam for the other side. The policeman headed him off with the skiff, and he made for the shore again, but his strength seemed deserting him, and he would have sunk but for a rope thrown him.

No sooner was he on land, however, than seizing a plank he dealt blows right and left on his rescuers, knocking several of them down, and then started naked up the street, when a blow from a stick brought him senseless to the ground, and he was captured. When brought to the station it was found that he was in a dangerous condition, and he died before medical assistance could arrive. All the parties engaged in the pursuit were locked up, charged with manslaughter.

## MAD MEXICO.

What is Uncle Sam Going to do About The Outrages  
on American Citizens, on the Mexican Border.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Citizens of El Paso have been asked for their views on the appointment of Mr. Sedgwick as special envoy to Paso del Norte and Chihuahua on the Cutting case. They all agreed in saying that his visit will not help the Government or Cutting. They said that nearly every big merchant, lawyer, and banker of El Paso is interested in some property scheme in Mexico—either railroading, mining, stock raising, or land speculating, and have always taken the part of Mexico in every outrage and indignity heaped upon American citizens, as they fear that if war comes their property interests will be jeopardized. They will lay for Mr. Sedgwick, wine and dine him, tell how good the Mexicans are, and that all the blame for collisions is due to the pure cussedness of American adventurers who go over and try to run the country. It was also asserted that Americans of the middle class, who compose the great majority of the people and are those who are always subject to outrage and indignity, will be kept away from Mr. Sedgwick and not allowed to get his ear to tell him the real bottom facts. "Why," said one of the gentlemen, "there is Col. Saylor, formerly Mayor of Austin, who has big mining interests in Mexico and has been there for two years. Four of his miners have been murdered in that period, and he has not even reported the case to the American Consul, for fear of injuring his interests. One of these victims was lashed, choked to strangulation, robbed, and his dead body mutilated, and these are only a sample of a score of such outrages that never reach the general public."

It was also learned from these El Paso men that every American who comes to that city from Mexico says that, unless Cutting's release is forced by the Government, and Mexico makes the proper redress, it will be unsafe for any American citizen, except the scheming element referred to, to travel in that republic, because the Mexicans will be more insolent than ever. Already many have taken the necessary steps to go there as British subjects, so as to appeal for protection to that Government in case of necessity. As a striking case of this character, it was asserted that a representative of the New Orleans Times-Democrat, lately sent to Mexico to investigate the troubles, went there as a British subject, taking the necessary steps before departure from El Paso.

A special from El Paso says: "We visited the American consul at Paso del Norte. Judge Brigham had nothing further to communicate than has already been given to the public. He says, however, that Cutting was unfairly tried by star chamber proceedings, and that neither he nor Cutting knows just what the proceedings in the court were, or what Cutting was tried for. It is suspected that the court records will be tampered with to cover some offenses. Cutting was interviewed. He is firm in his course, and pins his expectations to the American eagle. There is some excited talk here, but the reports about war preparations, either here or across the river, are all nonsense. El Paso and Paso del Norte are two of the quietest cities to be found. There are three hundred soldiers doing police duty at Paso del Norte, but the Mexicans are sitting around saloons and doorsteps in utter ignorance of any war feeling. There is more evidence of life and animation on the American side of the river, as is natural for the more bustling Yankee, but no war talk is indulged in or thought of. The war is all further away, in Kansas, Missouri and New Mexico, where war is wanted by certain classes for speculative purposes."

A reporter, in conversation the other day with several prominent residents of New Laredo, Mexico, learned their opinions in regard to the Mexican imbroglio. They appear to be confident that war will eventually come, and look for no peaceful adjustment of the Cutting case. They are looking forward confidently to the upholding of the Governor of Chihuahua by the general government, and claim that, if war does come they will not be alone in their struggle against the United States, but that aid will be rendered them indirectly by England and Spain. Upon being asked their authority for stating that England would help them, they gave a knowing wink and shrugged their shoulders.

The American population of Dallas, Texas, are becoming aroused to a realization of their utter helplessness in case trouble ensues. No town on the border is so completely at the mercy of Mexico as Laredo. There are comparatively a handful of Americans there, and 500 men could sack and burn the town without the least trouble. There is no organization among the Americans whatever, and their residences are scattered all over the city, making them an easy prey to the invader.

The following letter to the New York Herald from Gov. Ireland of Texas explains itself:

AUSTIN, TEX., Aug. 12, 1886.

You ask my views of the Cutting case. Cutting has never applied to me. It may be conceded, if necessary, that Cutting has been legally convicted under Mexican law, but the people and the government of the United States can never submit to such a rule of law. Every editor and every other person who writes or prints matter in the United States obnoxious to the views of Mexican courts can at any time, when found in Mexico, be arrested and punished as Cutting has been. The person of Cutting is not involved. Surely our government has not made an idle demand. No one wants war, and I trust no one wants peace at the expense of national honor and the rights of an American citizen. The only way to avoid war is to be ready for it and show a willingness to accept it if it must be. Outrages have gone far enough and have been numerous.

JOHN IRELAND, Governor.

### AN EX-POLICEMAN LYNCHED.

Macon, Ohio, the other night was in a fever of excitement, and it was probable that before morning three procuresses would be lynched and their houses burned to the ground. Last Saturday Mamie Little, a respectable looking white girl, reached the city alone. Jim Moore, an ex-policeman, who was in the depot, offered to conduct her to a boarding house. It was not until Tuesday evening that the whole story came out. Moore attempted rape upon the girl in the back. Taking her successively to three dives he succeeded at last in accomplishing his desire at the pistol's point.

When this became known the city was convulsed. A public meeting was held Wednesday, in which the speakers denounced the courts as rotten. The mob hovered around the jail all night. Thursday the same excitement prevailed, and an unsuccessful

ful attack was made on the jail. After midnight in the morning the mob, three hundred strong, broke into jail, took Moore out, and, carrying him to the assignation house where he had accomplished his crime, hung him up to a tree limb twice before his neck was broken. The city was upset by these events, and troops were called for to prevent the carrying out of the threat to wreak vengeance upon the women who were parties to the affair.

It has been learned that the girl was of easy virtue and the mob have started to lynch her. Great excitement prevails and the Governor has been called upon for troops.

### THEY WON'T SWIM WITH COONS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Ocean Grove, N. J., is agitated over the color line. The colored people persist in filling the settees and crowding the bathing-ropes, much to the discomfort of the white people. The matter has become a serious question for the authorities, and many of the summer boarders have left the place for other resorts where colored people are not so numerous. One of the leading papers there editorially said: "If our resident white population swarmed to the ocean plaza and pavilions to the exclusion of our summer patrons, we should plainly tell them they had no business there during the summer season, and were only annoying the very ones from whom they receive their support. What less can we say to the negroes who nightly swarm to the pavilions and monopolize the promenade and seats. They have no moral or legal right there unless they are cottage-owners or hotel guests. The hotels and boarding places will be compelled to cease employing colored help if the annoyance continues. It ought not to be necessary, but something must be done at once."

### TEETH IN HIS STOMACH.

A remarkable surgical operation was performed at the Massachusetts General Hospital, of Boston, recently. About a year ago John McCarthy swallowed a set of artificial teeth. The passage of food to the stomach was almost wholly prevented, the patient grew emaciated and weak, and it became evident that unless that relief was had he must soon die. The doctor made a transverse cut in the left side of the abdomen, through which the man's stomach was drawn out and then cut open, when by the insertion of his arm to the elbow the physician was able to reach and remove the teeth. The internal opening was then closed with fine silk and the stomach replaced, the external cut being also closed with stitches. The whole operation was completed in forty-five minutes. The patient is doing well, and his complete recovery is now considered little less than certain.

### AN ELOPING COUPLE BUSTED.

Edward McAllister, a clerk in a crockery store in Boston, and Annie Murphy, who worked in a large shoe factory in Woburn, Mass., one a Protestant and the other a Catholic, fell in love, and as their parents opposed the match they agreed to elope. Father Quealy, of Woburn, married them on July 11, so says McAllister, and they started on a wedding tour with \$40. They visited New York and Philadelphia in search of work. In Philadelphia their money gave out, and they started on their homeward journey on foot. The other day the pair reached New Haven. They were in a pitiable state, and asked for help from the Associated Charities. Neither is over twenty years old.

### CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

A balliff living near Buena Vista, Ga., who had arrested a negro at midnight, took a notion that he would take a nap. He tied the negro's arms behind him with a rope, then tied the end of the rope to his own arm so that any effort on the part of the negro to get away would wake him, and then laid down to sleep in the front piazza. While the balliff was wrestling with the sleepy god the negro waked, untied his arms, tied the arms of the balliff together, and then departed. The officer had to call his wife the next morning to liberate him.

### RETURN OF FORTUNE'S FAVORITE.

J. M. Ricketts, Esq., of Crested Butte, has returned from several weeks' visit among relatives and friends East and the enjoyments of the pleasures and luxuries there to be had which the snug fortune he drew in the Louisiana State Lottery at its drawing June 15th enabled him to do. It is safe to say that after having, in Western parlance, "lived so long upon expectations and rabbit tracks" in these altitudinous mountain regions, "Jim," as he is familiarly called by his intimates, thoroughly yet reasonably partook of the pleasures and luxuries aforesaid, first collecting the \$30,000, which, by the way, was promptly paid by that corporation, whose record for square dealing, always unquestioned, can now be verified here. The collection was made by the First National Bank of Denver, through which Mr. Ricketts sent the ticket (No. 18,145) in due time—as quick as the returns could be made—receiving the coveted gold.

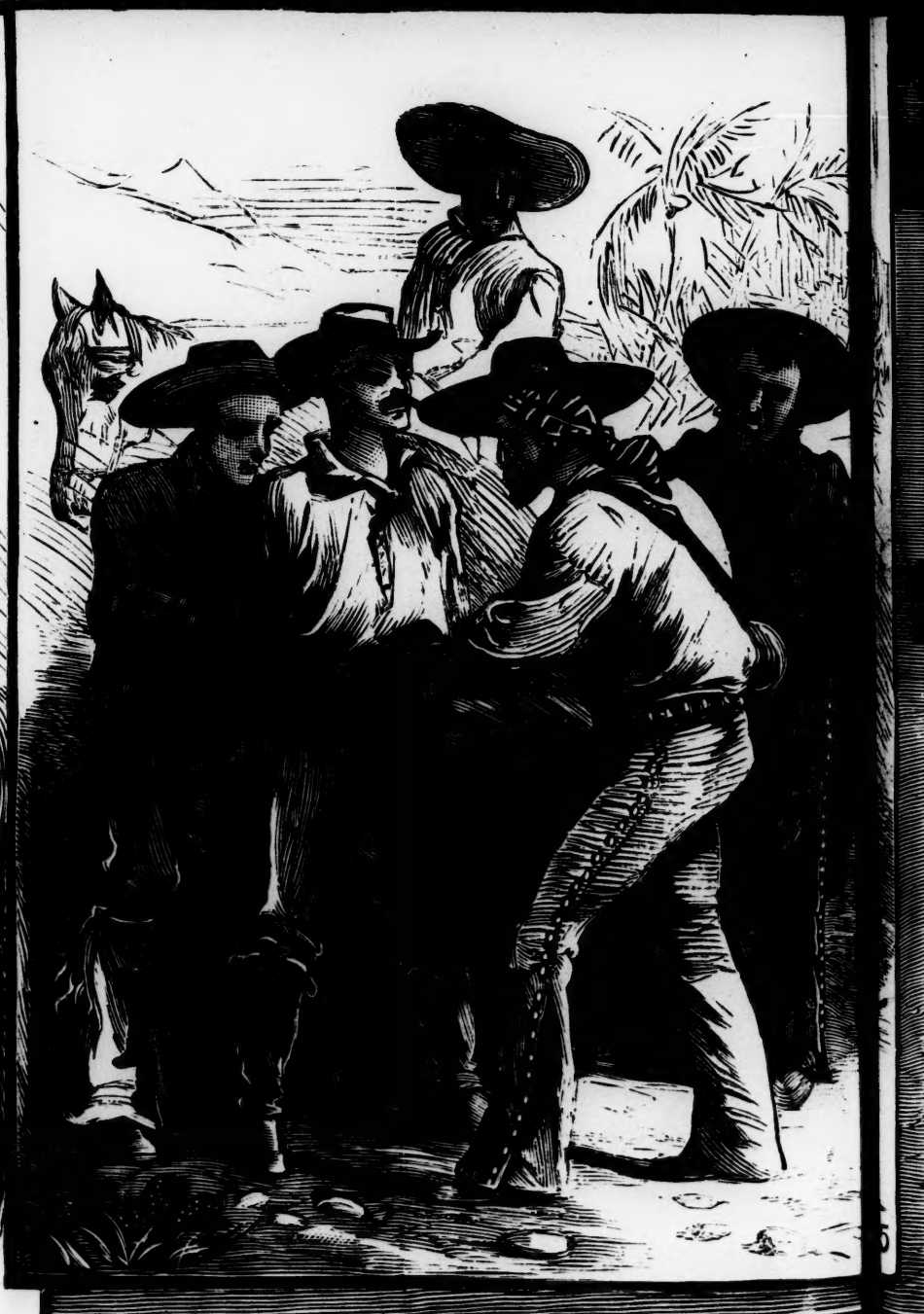
When the announcement that Mr. Ricketts had drawn two-tenths of the capital prize of \$150,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery was received by him, he was, as our readers know, very skeptical, and even wagered \$500 each with his friends Avery and Gray that he would not get the money.

The Review-Press gave a full report of "Jim's luck" at the time, and now that he has returned home with well-lined pockets—and subscribed for Gunnison's daily—we again tender our congratulations, and wish him long life to enjoy his prosperity. The investment was, he tells us, made with great hesitation, it not being his habit to purchase shares in lottery schemes of any kind.

Mr. Ricketts is a young man, an attorney at Crested Butte, and until this turn of fortune's wheel did not have any overplus of this world's goods. We understand that with a portion of the fortune won he will seek still another and larger, by investing in the lottery called "Mining"—the development of some of the mineral claims he is interested in in this county. May success attend him.—Gunnison (Col.) Review-Press, Aug. 3.

One of the worst displays of management we have ever seen is the style in which the business is done in the Detroit Club, where men are fined heavily for the most trivial errors. The fine imposed upon Getzlein for allowing the Kansas City Club to defeat the Detroit in an eleven inning game July 21, is simply nonsensical and shows a great lack of judgment.





IS UNCLE SAM GOING TO PROTECT HIS CITY

HOW THE GOOD PEOPLE OF TEXAS AND NEW MEXICO ARE INSULTED, ROBBED AND PLUNDERED OF THEIR PROPERTY

I.—Cutting Pleading in His Own Defence. II.—Texas Cowboys Watching for a Raid of the Greasers on the Rio Grande. III.—Enlisting Men to Protect the American Frontier. IV.—American





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HIS CITIZENS ON THE MEXICAN BORDER?

THEIR STOCK, ETC., BY THE DESPERATE BANDS OF GREASER OUTLAWS WHO RAID THEIR HOMES AND RANCHES.

r. IV.—Mexicans Robbing a Ranch. V.—Going Through a Yankee for His Boodle. VI.—Mexican Officials Wine and Dine Our Representatives and Make Them Believe It's All Right.



## PUGILISTIC NEWS.

## A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

Frank Glover, the Chicago heavy-weight, wants a go with McCaffrey, and will bet 3 to 1 on the result.

Mike Cleary has recovered the use of his broken arm, and spars occasionally in a three-round glove contest.

John P. Clow, of Denver, offers to fight Jack Burke to a finish, with or without gloves, for \$5,000, and give him \$250 to make the match.

The editor of the New York "Telegram" says: "Frank Herald is the most terrific upper-cutter and hardest hitter that has appeared in the ring for years."

Arthur Chambers, the backer of Jimmy Mitchell, writes that he is ready to back Jimmy Mitchell against any light-weight in America at 124 pounds, for \$1,000 a side and that as soon as Harry Gilmore has recovered the use of his broken arm, he will cover it and arrange a match to contend either with or without gloves. Gilmore has for the past two months been eager to arrange a match with any of the light-weights and he should at once forward the forfeit. Chambers' offer should also bring a reply from Billy Frazier, of Somerville, Mass., or Jack McAuliffe. Both claim to be the light-weight champion.

Chas. E. Davies, of Chicago, has written to the Police Gazette that he is prepared to match Paddy Ryan to fight Frank Herald, of Philadelphia, according to either Queensberry or London prize ring rules, for \$1,000 to \$1,500 a side, the fight to be decided six or eight weeks from signing articles, either public or private, and Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder. E. F. Mallahan, Herald's manager and backer, was notified of Parson Davies' proposition, and he said Herald shall meet both Ryan and Davies, after his engagement with Sullivan, win or lose, and for twice \$1,500 or as much as the Parson will put up. Herald can whip all the Paddy Ryans from here to Frisco, or any one else, prize ring rules.

Tommy Warren of Louisville, the feather-weight champion of America, sends the following letter to the Police Gazette:

I now stand willing to fight any man in the world at 118 pounds for from \$500 to \$1,000, and I never did nor never will sell a man to get a reputation if he wants to fight for money, neither will I put up the stakes so high that nobody can reach them. I am fighting for a profession and have no notion of retiring. Any one anxious to meet me will have to put up a forfeit of \$200 with Richard K. Fox at the Police Gazette office. My backer will cover it and there will be no hitch in arranging a match for I will fight any rules any place where a mill can be decided. First come first served.

TOMMY WARREN, champion feather-weight of America.

Harry Gilmore the light-weight champion pugilist of Canada, has forwarded a challenge to the Police Gazette offering to arrange a match to fight any man in America at 124 pounds, according to London or Marquis of Queensberry rules, for \$1,000 a side. He calls upon Jimmy Mitchell of Philadelphia, Billy Frazier of Somerville, Mass., Jack McAuliffe of New York, to step their challenging and put up their money. He says a forfeit of \$250 with Richard K. Fox and articles of agreement sent to him will result in a speedy match. Gilmore is well known in prize ring circles, and he has good backing in Toronto, so that there is more than smoke in his def. Gilmore's performances in the fight arena have been first-class so that should any of the many light-weights agree to give him a battle and ratify a match, it will create no little interest. Arthur Chambers is Mitchell's backer and it is probable that he will agree to match Mitchell against Gilmore.

The sporting element of this city and Brooklyn expected to witness a well-contested battle on Aug. 12 between Frank White, the champion light-weight of America, and Jack McAuliffe, of Williamsburgh. The agreement was signed a month ago, and the principals met at the Police Gazette office and completed the final arrangements. The battle was to be for a purse of \$300, made up by the sale of about eighty tickets at \$5 a piece. The conditions were Marquis of Queensberry rules, catch weights, to a finish. Kid gloves were to be worn, and as there has been bad blood between the two men for some time past a long and bitter contest was looked for by those who had the "tip" and the tickets. John L. Sullivan was to have been one of White's seconds and Billy Rigney the other. Billy Madden was to have seconded McAuliffe, with another second not dead upon. The place of meeting was agreed upon. White, having the choice of place, named the rear room of a liquor saloon on the west side of the city, about half way between the City Hall and Central Park. The time for the "mill" was fixed at 9:30 o'clock. At that hour saloons in the vicinity of the place appointed were thronged with well-known sporting men and fighters who were in the secret, though they moved and consulted in little groups of two and three discussing the probabilities of the outcome of the contest and making wagers on it. Most of them were evidently White's adherents and the odds were largely in his favor. Half past nine came and went, but with no prospect of a speedy beginning of the battle. White had been sound asleep at his home in Eightieth street for some hours, and his managers did not propose to wake him up till McAuliffe and his party appeared on the ground. But they did not show up, and speculation turned from the odds in the result of the proposed battle to the probabilities of its coming off at all. Half past ten came and went, and still neither McAuliffe nor his representative appeared on the ground. McAuliffe was with the referee at the place originally agreed upon, and refused to invade White's headquarters to fight, claiming he could not win.

The main topic in sporting circles is the great static encounter between John L. Sullivan, the champion of the world, and Frank Herald of Nicetown, Pa., which is to be decided on Aug. 28, at Scheutzen Park, on Union Hill, Jersey City. In every city on this and on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, the coming match is the topic of conversation. Herald has appeared on the horizon like a comet, his victories over two gladiators, who many supposed would conquer him, has made him looked upon as a phenomenon. He has never been fairly tested in the pugilistic crucible simply because he conquered both his opponents, and they were giants, to use a racing phrase in a big gallop. His battle with Jim Cannon, of Carbondale, a man who in the coal regions was looked upon as champion, only lasted 23 seconds, and all that witnessed the quick and terrific blows that laid the terror of the coal regions unconscious, pronounced Herald able to meet any man to the world. After the battle Herald's victory was looked upon as a mere fluke, and many claimed that Cannon was only a chump, that he did not know how to fight, and that there were half a dozen men following the failures and fortunes of the prize ring that could whip him. After Herald conquered Cannon he issued challenge after challenge to meet Charley Mitchell, Jack Burke or Paddy Ryan, but for a long time no one dared to meet him. Finally through a little scheme, Tom Hughes of Pittsburgh offered to match an unknown to meet Pat Killen, who was then carrying Parson Chas. E. Davies' colors. Killen agreed to meet Hughes' unknown, but on the day set for the mill, when Killen found out that Hughes' unknown was Herald, he refused to meet him. J. D. Hayes then agreed to match M. C. Conley, the Ithaca Giant, to meet Herald. Conley had met Jack Ashton and gave him a great battle, and Joe Coburn and the upstart talent thought Conley would annihilate Herald. The match was made, and Conley was placed under the care of Prof. Mike Donovan, who taught him all the tricks and points in the business. A large crowd assembled to witness the contest, and there were hardly twenty men in the audience but who expected Conley, who was heavier, taller and more muscular, would easily conquer the young, athletic-looking representative of the Keystone State. All the talent of the prize ring and those who are supposed to be capital judges thought Conley would settle Herald in a round. Never was an audience so surprised and disappointed. Conley rushed at Herald like a bull at a gate, and the Nicetown Crusher met him with a series of terrific blows, and when the Ithaca Giant ducked his head he upper-cut him by a terrific right-hander which straightened Conley, and he fell like as if he was struck with a pole axe. Herald won in 1 minute 25 seconds. Impartial ring men who have witnessed many a battle, left the building surprised. One remarked, that fellow is no chump, he can fight; another said, why Herald is a trotter and good enough to go in any company. Herald made no display, did not appear to think he had accomplished any great feat but bore his honors meekly. Charley Mitchell was in the hall for he had come on the limited express from Chicago to make a match with Herald, Mitchell did not want

to take on any such contract. He made a remark that Herald was a terrific upper-cutter. E. F. Mallahan publicly announced that Herald was ready to meet any man in the world, but Mitchell did not pick up the gauntlet. When asked why he did not accept the challenge, he stated he only wanted to meet Sullivan. Now Herald is to run the greatest race he ever run in his life, he is to meet a champion of champions who has stood champion of the world since Feb. 7, 1882, when he fairly won the title by conquering according to the new rules of the London prize ring with bare knuckles, Paddy Ryan. Since he has traveled from Maine to Oregon, met men from all countries and all climes and defeated them one after another. It is acknowledged by all historians of the prize ring that Sullivan is a wonder, and that there never was a man in the pugilistic profession that had succeeded in doing what he has done during the past five years. Herald, nevertheless, is just as confident of winning his contest with Sullivan on Aug. 28, at Scheutzen Park, as he was of beating Cannon and Conley. He says: "If I do not win, I must try again, but Sullivan will find that he will have to race all the way." In Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Boston and this city sporting men are in a quandary over the result. Many think Sullivan not the man he was the day he fought Paddy Ryan, and claim he has not taken care of himself; others think he will win easily. Sullivan may win, but he will have no easy task. No man living can think of conquering an athlete like Herald, who is clever, knows how to use both hands, and can hit with terrific force. We have no hesitation in saying that the contest between Sullivan and Herald will be worth a week's journey to witness. Herald is training at Osborn's Waverley House, Rockaway, while Sullivan makes his headquarters at Central Park Hotel.

The announcement that the scientific glove contest between John L. Sullivan and Frank Herald would not be permitted at Scheutzen Park, Union Hill, N. J., on the 28th inst., was premature and the rumor was circulated unofficially. Herald and Sullivan will meet in the arena, and there will be no bar put to their exhibition. The contest will be six rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, scientific points to decide. Sullivan is training hard at Fifty-ninth street and Sixth avenue; while Herald is training at Far Rockaway. Herald has no professional trainer, but is preparing for his contest with Sullivan under a new routine of training such as no pugilist ever followed before. E. F. Mallahan, Herald's backer, does not believe in the old system of training, he claims that one half the work that professional trainers put their charges through injures their chances of success, and that on the day they are to compete or contend in their competitions they lack vitality and activity, and they are nearly beaten before the contest begins. Herald's system of training will be read with interest by nearly every one connected with athletics.

The following is Herald's course of training, as described by the Police Gazette's correspondent: Herald rises at 5 A. M. and walks five miles leisurely, and on his return partakes of breakfast, which consists of either beefsteak, mutton chops, boiled eggs, dry toast and tea. After a rest of thirty minutes he goes to an artificial track and runs 150 yards at the top of his speed. This feat he accomplishes ten times at intervals. He then returns to his impromptu gymnasium, and is thoroughly rubbed down by Benny Jones, the famous wrestler, and then goes into the sea and remains for 30 minutes. He runs back to the bathing house and is again rubbed down until his flesh is the color of a ripe pepper. Herald then rests until his dinner hour, and that meal consists of roast beef, toast, custard and tea. He does not drink Bass ale, porter or any liquor. After 1 hour's rest he retires to the gymnasium and strips, putting on a pair of trunks, and for 1 hour he fights the rubber ball until he perspires freely. Then his trainers again rub him down with Turkish bath towels. He then rests for thirty minutes and rows a heavy working boat two miles and a half back at a quick pace. On his return he is stripped and is thoroughly rubbed down, and dry clothes put on. Herald then rests until supper time. His supper consists of beefsteak or mutton chops, dry toast and tea, after supper he walks five miles and returns to sleep, going to bed at 9 P. M. E. F. Mallahan, under whose instructions he is training says: Herald is training under a new system, he does not believe in heavy clothes reducing by the weakening sweating process, but by the above system. Herald has been daily training by the above system, and judging by the muscular development he is improving by it.

Al. Smith says he has no doubt but that Herald is a likely man, but Sullivan is a wonder and outclasses him.

Jim Keenan of Boston says Sullivan is the only fighter in the world. He does not know anything about Herald, but believes Jake Kilrain could beat him.

Jim Collier says Herald will give Sullivan a race, but Sullivan should win on his reputation.

Tommy Ryan of Philadelphia says Herald is a clever boxer, and may stand a chance of giving Sullivan a good battle.

James Wakeley says there is no man can whip the big fellow.

Arthur Chambers says Herald has not a 20 to 1 chance of beating Sullivan.

Pat Sheedy says Sullivan will win in a gallop.

Mattie Corbett says it will be a good battle for a round or two.

John Flood says Sullivan will win in a round.

George Engeman says Herald may be a phenomenon. He will have to be to whip Sullivan.

John Charles, of Baltimore, says he has never yet seen a fighter like Sullivan, and if Herald stands up six rounds in front of the champion, he can whip every fighter in America.

Bob Morris says Herald will give Sullivan quite a shake up.

Jack Dempsey thinks Herald is over-matched.

Charley Goodman, of Baltimore, says there is no man yet born able to whip Sullivan. He is going to see it.

Chas. E. Davies, of Chicago, says Sullivan will win easy.

Joe Coburn says Sullivan should win in one round if Herald stands up and fights the big fellow.

Phil Casey, of Brooklyn, says Herald may give Sullivan a good battle, but he doubts it.

Ex-Alderman Dunn says Herald is a likely man from what he has heard. He is a scientific boxer and game, but he has not had experience enough to conquer Sullivan.

Bob Murray says he would not miss looking at it. He expects Sullivan will win.

Wm. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) says Sullivan is a wonder, and if Herald is the great boxer the papers claim, it will be a great battle.

Mike Gleason, of Boston, says J. n will win. There is no man can beat him.

Barney Goodman says Walter H. would have just as much chance to beat Tremont as Herald will to conquer Sullivan.

Billy McLean, of Philadelphia, says Herald is a clever boxer, but he has not had experience enough to do Sullivan.

Ed. Banker says he has seen all the boxing matches, and on form there is no man able to defeat Sullivan.

Phil Closs says Herald is the making of a champion.

Sam Collier says Sullivan is a wonderful man. No novice can beat him.

Prof. John Clark, of Philadelphia, says Sullivan should win, but Herald will do better than any of the boxers have yet done with the champion.

James E. Kelly says Sullivan should win if he is in form.

Pat Keenan, ex-county clerk, says Sullivan has no equal in the prize ring. He could be a phenomenon, but he should have to see him face a good man before he could flatter himself that he could win.

Mark Maguire says Sullivan is a wonder; there is no man able to face him. If Tom Hyer was living he might be able to give him a battle, but he thinks Herald is outclassed.

Pat Wray of New York says he expects it will be a good battle.

Steve Taylor says he expects to see Sullivan do Herald in a round.

Gus Tutbill, Dempsey's backer, says Sullivan should win if he has not gone back.

Billy Madden says it may be a good battle, but if Sullivan is all right he will win. He thinks Jack Ashton would do better with Sullivan than Herald.

J. D. Hayes of Ithaca, Conley's backer, says Sullivan outclasses Herald.

Charley Johnston of Brooklyn says he will bet \$5,000 to \$1,000 Sullivan wins.

Sam Emery says race horses are his hobby. He is not much of a judge of boxers, but taking records and form Sullivan should gallop in.

Cridge says Herald may be a sleeper. He should like to lay 10 to 1 Sullivan will not lose.

Joe Cotton says it will be a great battle while it lasts.

George Brotherton says Herald would do better with Sullivan one year from now. He is a plucky game boxer and he has his best wishes.

Edward Hanlan says he will try and see the contest because he is sure it will be looking at.

Domineck McCaffrey says he can beat both of them.

## SPORTING NEWS.

## TO PATRONS AND PROMOTERS OF MANLY SPORT.

The editorial parlors of this newspaper are always at the disposition of all classes of bona fide sporting men, whether they call out of curiosity, to obtain information or arrange matches. No such offices are to be seen anywhere else in the world. Among their remarkable attractions are championship emblems and badges, magnificent trophies and pictures and other objects of exceptional interest. Not the least notable of these is the celebrated portrait by the well-known artist, Drohan, of John L. Sullivan, which is a full length picture representing the champion in full ring costume. It stands five feet in height, and is conceded to be the most striking portrait of a pugilist in existence. Sporting men, in addition to these features, are assured of a cordial and hospitable greeting.

H. M. Johnson offers Fred Rogers 1 yard start in a 100-yard race for \$1,000 a side.

It is found impossible to continue racing Miss Woodford she will be bred to Hindoo.

Daniel O'Leary intends to organize a 6-day go-as-you-please race this fall in New York.

Sam Collier, the well-known boxer, is keeping a sporting resort at Rockaway Beach.

Jim McAuliffe, the California heavy-weight, wants to fight Herbert A. Stude, the Moor, for \$1,000.

John Teemer has commenced training on the Thames, and his style is highly commended by English critics.

At Brighton Beach race track, on Aug. 14, Gen. Monroe, the veteran race horse, fell and broke his shoulder.

The Canadian lacrosse team won three straight games in 15 minutes in the match with the Irish team in Montreal on Aug. 13.

If Edward Hanlan continues to row in such splendid form there is not the least doubt but that he will arrange a match with Beach.

The bay gelding Harry Wilkes' 2:16, 2:14 3-4 and 2:15½ are the three fastest trotting heats on record in a race with other horses.

In the third and final cricket match between the English and Australian cricketers, the former won by an innings and 217 runs.

Kennedy, the Western carman, has challenged William O'Toole to row for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, on the Charles river, Massachusetts.

Peter Priddy, of Pittsburg, and Samuel Bryan are matched to run a half mile at the Exposition track, Pittsburg, Penn., Aug. 21, for \$250 a side.

Steve Taylor, Johnny Reilly, and Johnny Files, well-known members of the fistic fancy, sport policemen's suits of blue on the iron pier at Coney Island.

Patrick Foster and Peter Golden are matched to run 5 miles for \$125 a side, Aug. 21, at Paterson, N. J. Foster is to receive 1 lap start on a 16-lap track.

The Excelsior Cricket Club lost a game to the Anglo-Saxon Sons of St. George Club on Aug. 14 in Prospect Park. The scores were: Anglo-Saxon, 28; Excelsior, 16.

It is reported that John A. St. John, of St. Louis, Gaudaur's backer, intends to take a draft for \$5,000 to England with him to back Gaudaur to win his race with Beach.

Wm. Graham writes to this office that he will shoot at 100 pigeons, English rules, against any man in Canada, and wager \$500 to \$400, or against any man in America for \$1,000.

Duncan C. Ross will shortly visit this city to arrange a broadsword contest on horseback with Comte De la Tour, the champion swordsmen of Normandy, France. The latter is expected here in a few weeks.

The Kings County Cricket Club was defeated by the Riverside Club in Central Park, New York, on Aug. 14, by a score of 38 to 73. Dr. Jennings, 20; G. Neesh, 14; and E. C. Mitchell, 11, made the runs for the winners.

T. M. Malone, the champion sprinter of Australia, is anxious to run L. E. Myers a series of races, at 250, 350, and 440 yards for \$1,000 a side. Malone will allow Myers \$500 for expenses if the races are decided in Australia.

Robert E. Harvey of Newark and Matt Crehan of Brooklyn ran ten miles at the Athletic Club Grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., on August 9. Harvey stopped at two miles, and Crehan was allowed to stop and declared the winner.

At Toronto, Aug. 16, the lacrosse match between the Irish Gentlemen and the Toronto team resulted in five games for the Toronto, to two for the visitors. The Irish Gentlemen were entertained at dinner by the Toronto Club.

The West End Hotel Stakes for fillies, one mile and a half, was run at Monmouth Park on August 10, and Dwyer Bros. b f Dewdrop, with 120 pounds up, won by a head from J. B. Haggin's b f Preciosa in 2:43. Pure Rye, 114 pounds, was third.

Louis Jester, champion light-weight of Ohio, and Sam McDonald, fought at Hermann's Pavilion, Rockaway Beach, on Aug. 14, for the gate receipts. The police interfered after the third round, and Billy Frazier, the referee, declared the fight a draw.

A scullers' match has been arranged between the Canadian carmen, Joseph Laibe and Stony Ritz, of Bellair, Ohio, to row three miles for \$500 a side. The race is to take place on the Belleaire course on Aug. 28, Laibe being allowed \$100 for expenses.

John Robinson and Gus Sundstrom, with their respective backers, met on Aug. 12 and signed articles of agreement to swim a series of races—one, three and five miles—for \$250 a side. The first race will take place within two weeks at Oak Point.

E. J. Baldwin's ch e Laredo, with 110 pounds up, won the Virginia Stakes at Saratoga, N. Y., on Aug. 11. Lizzie Krepps, 107 pounds, was second, and E. J. Baldwin's Grisette, 107 pounds, third. The distance was five furlongs and the time was 1:02½.

The Pennsylvania Railroad will do a tremendous business on Aug. 28, the day Herald and Sullivan meet at Union Hill, for many Philadelphia fans are coming on to witness the contest. It is expected extra trains will have to be run to carry the crowds.

The great trotting contest between F. Van Ness' b g Harry Wilkes and John Murphy's b g Maljolia, for a purse of \$2,000, was trotted on Aug. 12, 13 and 14, at Rochester, N. Y. Maljolia won the first heat and Wilkes won the next three and race. Time, 2:17½, 2:17, 2:18, 2:16½.

The August Stakes, for two-year-olds, three-quarters of a mile, was run at Monmouth Park on Aug. 10, and J. B. Haggin's br Santa Rita won. She carried 112 pounds and ran the distance in 1:15¾. Dwyer Bros' Louise, 112 pounds, was second and the Fairfax Stable's gr Orlidamme, 115 pounds, third.

H. M. Johnson, the champion sprinter, judging by his performances this season, is evidently the fastest man in America at 100 yards. One thing is certain, Johnson is ready to run any man in the world 50, 75 or 100 yards for \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side, and few, if any, of the flyers appear ready to sign a contract.

Edward Hanlan, in his second trial on Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass., on Aug. 13, to lower his single scull record of 19 minutes 23 seconds, made on Aug. 12, failed, it taking him 20 minutes 53 seconds to go the distance. There was a stiff breeze at the time. He reached the turning stake in 9 minutes 47 seconds.

The "Record" (Philadelphia) says: "Bassanio, a three-year-old cast-off from the Freakness stable, won the steeplechase at Saratoga on Saturday. But four tickets were sold on him in the mutuels, and each \$5 invested returned the handsome sum of \$274.00, the largest so far of the year." Bill Brien at Brighton Beach course, paid \$341 straight and \$77 for place, so Bassanio's \$274 is not the largest of the year, as the Record states.

William Graham, the champion wing shot of England, is attempting a big thing at John Clark's Olympic Park, at Philadelphia, on Monday, Aug. 23. He has backed himself for \$500 to kill thirty best birds out of fifty, under the following conditions: To shoot at 20 men, standing, at 40 yards' rise, and the remaining 30 birds at 30 yards' rise. The last 30 he is to use one hand only—shooting a light 12-gauge gun, Burlington rules. We also hear a report that he has backed himself with some Brooklyn sports to kill 25 out of 50 trap and handle birds at 40 yards' rise.

This match may take place at Erb's grounds the latter part of this month.

A party met early on the morning of Aug. 16 in a private room in Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, to see a fight between the light-weight Brighton Beach champion, Larry Maher, and the light-weight champion of Long Island, Tom Sheehan. They fought eight rounds for a purse of \$100, with hard gloves, Marquis of Queensberry rules. For four rounds Maher was given and taken. Both men were severely punished. After the fourth round Maher, by sheer gameness, got the lead, and finally with a terrific right-hander, straight from the shoulder, he landed on Sheehan's jaw. Sheehan fell as if struck with an axe. Maher, with great excitement, was declared the winner. The battle lasted 32 minutes.

Volante has won seven races this season, including the forfeit received in the match with Tyrant, and been second three times, once in a walk-over won by a stable companion. The value of the Champion stakes was \$4,750, and his gross earnings thus far this year amount to \$15,650. On Aug. 14, Volante carried 125 pounds and started for the grand prize of Saratoga and ran second, Royal Arch winning. It was a race which caused considerable suspicion after it was run, and the public can form their own opinion. Volante is the best four-year-old, if not the best race-horse in America. Volante can be matched to run one mile and a half against any horse in America, weight for age, for \$5,000 a side.

The lacrosse match for the championship of America and the Westchester Cup, between the New York and Brooklyn Athletic Clubs, was played at St. George, Staten Island, on Aug. 14. New York won. The names and positions of the teams are as follows:

POSITIONS.	NEW YORK.	BROOKLYN.
Goal	David Brown	G. Capwell.
Point	David Brown	F. Croable.
Cover point	W. J. Robinson	C. H. Roberts.
First defence	J. A. Hodge, Jr.	W. Bush.
Second defence	Ed. Merritt	C. Brown.
Third defence	C. E. Mather	E. F. Rockwell.
Centre	J. C. Gerndt	E. McLean.
Third guard	George Fopham	E. T. Peard.
Second attack	William McEarg	J. R. Flannery.
First attack	J. F. McLean	C. Bush.
Outside home	F. S. Wheeler	H. R. Schell.
Inside home	C. D. Lennox	J. L. Mitchell.
Field captain	T. M. Marston	C. Croable.
Referee	W. Ritchey.	Umpires—N. Goodwin & J. Griswold.
Goals	New York, 2; Brooklyn, 0.	Time of game—One hour and thirty-five minutes.

At Rochester, N. Y., on August 14, there was some very fast trotting. The following summary explains:

Pacing.—Purse \$1,000; free for all, mile heats three in five, in harness.  
D S Quinlan's b g Gossip, Jr. 1 2 3 1 1  
B F Geer's b g Joe Braden 4 1 1 3 3  
W W Blair's ch g Westmont 2 4 4 2  
P Schwartz's blk g Jewett 3 3 3 4  
Time—2:16, 2:18, 2:15½, 2:20, 2:19.

Gossip was the favorite. He won the first heat, then dropped the second and third to Joe Braden; after which he went on and won the fourth and fifth heats.

Trotting.—Purse \$1,500, for the 2:17 class, mile heats, three in five, in harness.

Geo. Forbes' b g Oliver K. 1 5 2 1 1  
O A Hickok's b g Arab 4 9 1 2 2  
W H Brown's b m Belle Hamilton 3 0 5 4 4  
J Golden's b m Bonita 2 4 3 5 3  
J Murphy's b m Maid Messenger 5 3 4 4 4  
Time—2:19½, 2:18½, 2:19½, 2:18, 2:19½.

Before the race Arab sold the choice for \$100. Oliver K. bringing \$20, Belle Hamilton, \$70, and the field, \$25. After winning the first heat Oliver K. sold even against the field. The betting was good all through, for Arab and Belle Hamilton made the second a dead heat. Arab then won the third heat and Oliver K. the fourth and fifth and race quite easily.

On Aug. 14 considerable excitement was occasioned among racing men by the statement that three men had been arrested at Washington Park, Chicago, on the charge of attempting to poison eight of Ed Corrigan's, of Denver, horses. The police here received a telegram directing the officers in this city to arrest a man named Redmond, familiarly known as "Texas Tom," as an accessory to the deed. Redmond was arrested. He denied all knowledge of the affair, saying that he had not been to the race track for over three weeks. The men arrested were Charles Price, foreman in Corrigan's stables; Dan Reese and a colored man known as "Ten Broeck" Evans. The latter was held merely as a witness, while the two former are implicated in the affair. Evans said that about ten days ago, just before the proposed race between Lizzie Dwyer and Binnette, Reese was told to go to Englewood and meet Redmond, who was going to put some money up on the race. At the time he was told that the foreman, Price, had agreed to fix Lizzie Dwyer so that she could not win. He went to Englewood as directed, and on meeting Redmond was told that the scheme had fallen through, and was directed not to put his money up. Price denied the entire story, and said he was engaged in another part of the stable, and could not by any means have had anything to do with the matter. Reese said that he did not know that Lizzie Dwyer was to be poisoned, but he knew that Price was to fix the horse somehow, so that Binnette would win. On learning that the plan had fallen through, Reese telegraphed Redmond not to put his money on Binnette. Redmond, in 1884, was mixed up in the poisoning of the horse Lady May, and is said to be the same man who fatally poisoned Golden Leaf in 1878, when that horse was running on the St. Louis track.

A desperate static encounter was decided on Aug. 14, near Monmouth Park, Long Branch, N. J., between Joe Barnum, who strips at 140 pounds, and Joe Fernandez, the ex-feather-weight pugilist of Brooklyn. Both men wanted a battle and nothing short of it would do. The many sporting men who were present quickly made up a purse of \$200, and when the train arrived at Monmouth Park the crowd proceeded to the woods aside by and a ring was quickly pitched upon the turf. Fernandez, stripped to the waist, was first to the scratch, being soon followed by Barnum. They were seconded by two pugilists famous years ago, and the mill opened hot and heavy, with the betting \$50 to \$40 on Fernandez. Three rounds were fought, and such real fighting with bare knuckles had not been seen in many years. But as it was apparent that Fernandez had the best of it from start to finish, long odds were offered in his favor. When time was called Fernandez rushed forward with a heavy left-hander, which knocked Barnum completely off his feet. He arose only to be knocked down again. The blood flowed from his nose and his left eye was closed. In the second round both sparred cautiously. The crowd urged them on, and a well-directed right-hander from Barnum caused a long breath of silence from Fernandez's backers



## THE REFEREE.

## His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

I understand Paddy Ryan has again been to the war and had quite a turn up.

A correspondent sends me the following graphic description of the affair.

Duncan C. Ross, the famous broadsword champion and athlete, recently strolled into the sporting palace of Chas. E. Davies, better known as the Parson, on Clark street, Chicago.

Sullivan, Herald and other shining lights of the pugilistic world were the theme of conversation, when Duncan C. Ross, who is always ready for a sensation, stated he had an unknown he would back to fight Paddy Ryan for \$1,000.

Ross produced a huge roll of \$100 bills and said he was in earnest.

Chas. E. Davies at once agreed to make the match, and a stormy discussion ensued.

In the meantime Ross' unknown, a strapping fellow, entered and was warmly greeted by Ross. The big man mentioned incidentally that he could whip Ryan. After drinking a few bottles of wine the banterings of the men became serious, and Davies was obliged to interfere to prevent a quarrel.

Ross said: "My man will fight right off if Paddy Ryan was on hand." The next instant in stepped the muscular Paddy, and he was quickly informed of Duncan C. Ross' offer.

Ryan said he would give the unknown battle, and the crowd who now filled Davies' sporting palace were in their glory.

"You cannot engage in any fistie battle in my room, gentlemen," said the Parson; "but there is an alley adjoining if you gentlemen desire to see who is the best man."

"My man will go there," said Ross. "And so will I," said the Troy giant.

No time was lost, and the rival gladiators went into the alley, Ross remarking: "Mind, it is to be a fair stand-up fight—no hugging."

In a few minutes the fighting began, and Ross' unknown and Ryan were pushing and thumping each other like thrashing machines with their bare fists in the dark.

Several square yards of whitewash were knocked off the adjoining walls, and much damage done the pavement. Finally the men came down like a couple of steers, with Paddy Ryan uppermost.

Ross yelled it was not to be a rough-and-tumble fight, but Ryan paid no attention. Rough and tumble fighting had been Paddy's forte, and many a time he had paid for his tuition at this branch of pugilism at Troy, where eight years ago he was classed the Jim Dandy at the business.

Ryan was leading in the race on the ground when Davies and Ross stopped the encounter, and the belligerents were separated, neither having gained any advantage but cuts and bruises. Ryan since thinks he is the cock of the walk, and Ross still is of the opinion that his Unknown can whip Ryan, according to "Police Gazette" rules, and stands, so he says, ready to match him.

I understand the great international rowing event for which Teemer, Ross and Lee are to compete on the Thames over a 4½ mile course on Aug. 30 and 31 and September 1, is creating considerable interest in England.

The other entries are William Beach, George J. Perkins, Neil Matterson, Peter Kemp and George Dubeau. The contestants will draw and race in pairs, no man rowing twice on the same day. The first prize is \$1,200, the second \$400.

Beach expects to win the race but I doubt it.

If Teemer rows straight he may hurry Beach, for the latter is not enjoying the very best of health.

I have been informed that Mervine Thompson, Cleveland's dusky pugilist, and Tom Robinson, who represents the colored people of Springfield, O., have arranged a hard glove fight for \$1,000 a side and an added purse.

If this battle takes place one of these pugs will get hurt, for it is likely to become a hammer-and-tongs affair.

In reading the "Sporting News" of St. Louis, I found the following: "Charlie Courtney thinks that he can beat Hanlan, and he is said to have a wealthy backer of the same opinion. Richard K. Fox has notified Courtney that he will back Hanlan against him for any amount, the race to come off at Rockaway Beach if possible. Mr. Fox also says that he will back Hanlan against any oarsman in the world for any amount."

There is more fact than fiction in the above.

Following the example of Sullivan, Frank Herald will go on the road in August. He will make a sparring tour throughout the country under the management of Ed. Mallahan.

By the way, I understand Frank Herald and John Donaldson are to meet in the arena at Minneapolis.

Donaldson in a letter says: "My proposition was simply for a six-round contest with small gloves, the winner to take 65 per cent. and the loser 35 per cent. of the receipts."

"Mallahan and Herald would have to have it for the entire receipts and a stake, but I wouldn't accept it. Herald's backers are probably willing to bet \$5,000 that he can 'do' either Cardiff or myself."

"If Herald has been overestimated I think I stand a show of winning, but I don't care to bet money on myself against a man who has the reputation of being a 'killer,' and who is rated as being likely to beat Sullivan."

Donaldson, in my opinion, gives first-class argument and he is about as cunning a match maker as Parson Davies.

Always look before you leap, Donaldson.

So far Lucky Baldwin has won over \$50,000 in stake money and purses on the turf this year.

When the Dwyers paid Jimmy Williams \$9,000 for Joe Cotton and Beside Jane I think they made a mistake. Cotton is a good useful horse, but he is not a great one. He has of late been beaten by second and even third-class horses, and is certainly not worth the money paid for him.

The Dwyers have so far made few mistakes, and they must certainly expect him to improve wonderfully and do great things in the future, or else for once they have displayed very poor judgment.

I think Ed. Corrigan, the Lorillard of the West, has had ill fortune on the turf this year. Freeland has been ailing and most of his three-year-olds have been unfit for racing.

Nevertheless, Corrigan has won \$50,000 in stake and purse races, and his total will be swelled by the result of the Saratoga meeting.

By the way, J. B. Haggins has won nearly \$40,000 in stake, and the figure probably pays the expenses of the stable so far this year.

He has an enormous stable of thoroughbreds, and most of them have been out of active training from various causes this year.

It is my opinion that Volante's victory over Ben All in the champion stakes at Monmouth proves that E. J. Baldwin owns the best four-year-old in America, and probably the best race-horse.

The Dwyers did not run Dew-Drop in the mud Saturday at Monmouth.

Why should they imperil her chance of winning some half dozen rich stakes later in the season by an effort to win some five or six thousand dollars by beating Volante and Ben All in the mud.

If Dew Drop had started, it was not at all certain she could beat Volante; indeed it was very doubtful.

Tremont has won every race he started in this season, and won \$42,000 for the Dwyer Bros.

When they paid \$1,000 for him it was a great investment.

The race-horses at Saratoga are running in and out, and yet the betting men claim that the book-makers will not lay fair prices against even the rankest outsider.

I think Hanlan rowed in great form at Nantasket Beach, and proves beyond dispute that he is just as fast as ever. The race was three miles, with a turn. Hanlan rowed the distance in 21 minutes 5 seconds, beating John McKay, who was second, fifteen boat lengths; James Ten Eyck and George H. Hooper.

At the finish the people on the shore became very enthusiastic. When Hanlan rowed to the shore he was picked up and carried bodily to the platform of the Hotel Nantasket. His rowing shirt, cap, and handkerchief were taken from his body and torn up for keepsakes.

In the evening, after he had returned to the hotel, he was called into the office and presented with a beautiful basket of flowers by Miss Millie Reeves, in a pretty speech, on behalf of the ladies of the Nantasket Hotel.

After Teemer returned from his race with Hanlan he was given a welcome home, a preacher delivering the address. When he returned from Bay Ridge, after his recent defeat, his townsmen talked of riding him on a rail. The difference between victory and defeat.

I understand Arthur Chambers, of Philadelphia, writes that he is anxious to back James Mitchell against any light weight in this country who does not weigh more than 124 pounds for \$1,000 a side, preferring Harry Gilmore of Canada, and will cover any deposit the latter will put up with Richard K. Fox, to fight with or without gloves.

I think Jack Burke is tumbling away down. Frank Glover now wants to bet \$1,000 he can stop him in a certain number of rounds.

Judging by the speed and sailing qualities displayed by the Mayflower and Puritan in the race for the Goolet Cup, the Mayflower or Puritan should be the yacht to pit against the Galatia in the international race for the America's Cup.

Wm. Graham's, the champion English wing shot, defeat of Mitchell, of Virginia, in shooting at fifty birds, proved Graham to be a wonderful shot. After 29 birds had been shot, Graham had to kill 21 straight to win, and it was 10 to 1 that he would be beaten.

Graham knocked over the twenty-one, and won one of the most remarkable matches ever, shot by one bird.

It was a close shave, and only coolness and great marksmanship won the day.

No wonder Bogardus and Carver are afraid to face him in front of the traps.

Record-smashing is still the one great distinction of this year's racing. Battenby, of Newcastle, beat all tricycle records from 3 to 10 miles at Coventry, Eng., on July 27.

His time for the full distance was 31 minutes 1-5 seconds. All the beaten records were held by an amateur, J. Lowndes, whose best time for 10 miles is 32 minutes 33-5 seconds.

Battenby is a Cramlington man, being formerly a pitman there. He was brought out by Mr. W. Newton, of Newcastle, who looked after him until quite recently. Battenby is a steady young fellow and deserves to get on.

The "Umpire," England, says: "The great John L. Sullivan wishes to pulverize Smith. In a speech delivered in a hotel a week ago the gladiator said: 'Let him come.'"

"He will find me ready to fight him according to any rules for as much money as he can raise. I think I will prove to him that America produces better men than he is, even if he is the best in England."

"I do not believe the best pugilists in England to be very great, for as soon as they get to be any good over there they come here in search of American dollars."

"If they can get somebody to force me into a match they are happy, because they earn a pile if they do get knocked out. But I'll foot this duck; I'll make him fight for money, and the loser will get left."

"I know who the loser will be, and I will bet it won't be me. I won't have any gate money snap with him. He says he wants to fight for stakes, and that's the way he will have to fight."

An exchange says: "There will be no fight between Tom Warren and Paddy Welch, Warren's backer, Pat Sheedy, giving up his \$50 forfeit. By the forfeiture Warren loses his title of feather weight champion of the United States, which goes to Welch."

I have it on the best of authority that Pat Sheedy did not forfeit, but that Welch's backer failed to go on with the match.

A 12-hour per day six days' go-as-you-please race for gate receipts will take place at Bancroft's Ring, New Bedford, Mass., Oct. 4-9. The contestants will include G. D. Normac, R. Vint, D. Burns, P. Higgleman, P. Golden, J. Cox and F. Hart (colored).

The swimming match between Dennis F. Butler, champion of America, and William B. Johnston, champion of London, Eng., came off on the Delaware river, from Five Mile Point to Ridgeway Park, Pa., on Aug. 14. The distance covered was five miles, and the purse of \$500 was won by Butler in 1 hour 12 minutes and 53 seconds, Johnston being fifty yards behind and reaching the buoy seventeen seconds later. It was an exciting match, the contestants alternating in taking the lead. When two-thirds down the course a heavy squall swept over the river, and the water became very rough. Butler was confused and Johnston soon gained a lead of 100 yards, which was soon lost, however, when the former struck further out into the river where the tide was running strong. Butler won two out of the series of three matches arranged, and now if he can beat Sundstrom we shall style him champion.

## LATEST SPORTING.

Ellis Ward will probably train the Columbia crew, of Washington, D. C.

Fred. Flaisted is coaching the Potomac crew at Washington, D. C.

It is said that the late John M. Brunswick, of billiard fame, left a fortune of \$2,500,000.

Duke Morrow and C. H. Robinson will swim from Chester to Gloucester on Aug. 23.

Referees fell in the steeplechase at Saratoga on Aug. 10, injuring Pope, and a good tip went wrong. Pope's leg was broken.

Wallace Ross and George H. L. e have issued a challenge for a double-scutt race with any two men in the world for \$500 a side.

Jack McAuliffe says he is anxious to meet Frank White at any place where he will have fair play. Frank Stevenson will act for McAuliffe.

The first time that 2:30 was ever beaten for three consecutive heats was in 1890, when Goldsmith Maid won the five-furlong all purse at Buffalo, in 2:19½, 2:19½, 2:19½.

The Supervisors of Queens county, N. Y., have voted to allow Sheriff Mitchell and his deputies \$5 a day each while trying to enforce the Sunday law in the matter of ball playing.

In the run from New Bedford, on August 10, to Vineyard Haven, Mass., by the crack yachts of the New York Club the Mayflower was first, Puritan second and Priscilla third.

John Campbell's purchase of the horse Jim Gray on Monday, and winning the Dearborn Handicap with him on Tuesday at Chicago, is one of the most talked of events of the week. Campbell gave \$8,000 for the horse.

John McKenna of New York and Billy Costello of California fought at New Brighton, Staten Island, New York, on August 12. It was a lively fight, especially in the third round, which ended the contest. McKenna was declared the winner.

Frank E. Butler, of the "Police Gazette" rifle team, writes that he has arranged three matches for Miss Annie Oakley to shoot against William Graham, the champion wing shot of England. One will be at live pigeons, one at clay pigeons and one at glass balls.

W. H. McCarthy's Belle F. won the 2:31 class purse of \$1,500 at Rochester, N. Y., on Aug. 10, winning the first heat in 2:19; third, in 2:16; fourth, in 2:20½. Budd Doble drove McGregor, who won the second heat in 2:16, but would not trot afterward. Knapsack McCarthy drove Belle F.

On the Coventry track in England, July 26, T. Battenby, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, broke M. J. Lowndes' long-standing 10-mile tricycle record of 32 minutes 33-5 seconds, made June 21 1894, by 1 minute 31-5 seconds. Battenby's time was 31 minutes 2-5 seconds. He beat the record from the third mile.

Articles of agreement have been signed between Thomas F. Delaney, of New York, and George Eaton, of Locustdale, Pa., to run 1 mile, for \$500 a side and the championship of America. The race is to be decided at Mahanoy City, Pa., on Saturday, Aug. 21. Richard K. Fox is final stakeholder. Wm. E. Harding was chosen referee.

Now that Slosson and Schaefer have declared that they are ready for any kind of billiards on earth, William Serton says he will participate in a sweepstakes tourney, at cushion-caroms, of \$250 entrance cash, providing there is added money contributed and the subject being mentioned to Maurice Daly and what Serton had declared, he expressed his willingness to participate.

James D. Smith, chairman of the American Cup Committee, said on Wednesday evening that the races for the precious emblem would take place on Sept. 7, 9 and 11. The first of the trial races is announced for Wednesday, Aug. 21. The probabilities are that all the four giant sloops will enter although it is reasonably certain that either the Mayflower or the Puritan will be selected.

The Iantho Canoe Club, of Newark, N. J., will hold a regatta, open to all amateurs, on Aug. 21. The event will be: Single paddling race for canoes 24 to 28 inches beam, inclusive; sailing race, all classes, two miles; tandem paddling race for canoes 15 feet long and 30-inch beam or over; single paddling for canoes 28-inch beam or over; upset race, all classes, 500 yards; hand paddling, all classes, 500 yards.

The result of the Omnibus stakes on Aug. 13, at Monmouth Park, shows that owners must not expect to run a filly even an extraordinarily good one like Dew Drop, for the West End on Aug. 10 and for the Omnibus on Aug. 12. Dew Drop had to give The Bard 7 pounds in weight, but if Fisher instead of Hayward had had the mount on the Bard Dew Drop would have won. Dew Drop can beat The Bard three races out of five at even weights.

At Boston, on Aug. 10, in the baseball game between the Kansas City and Boston, a triple play by the Boston in the sixth inning was the feature. Whitney was given his home on base, and then Donnelly and Brady followed with a single, filling the bases. Conway popped up a fly, which Morrill hit drop in front of him without touching it. He picked up the ball and threw it to Dealy, who sent it to Nash, and he in turn sent it to Sutton, three men being put out.

The Canadian I Zingari team played their return match with the Staten Island Club on Aug. 12 at Livingston, N. I. The Canadians, by fast batting, scored 148 runs, six of the team getting double figures. When the Staten Islanders batted five of them were out for 35 runs. Then the visitors became careless, and one of them tried to catch Butler, the home club's professional, out with one hand. The ball was dropped, and this lost the Canadians the match, for Butler, who had made only 20 when this occurred, went on scoring and made 111 runs. The side made 196, thus giving the victory to Staten Island by 48 runs.

On Aug. 12 Edward Hanlan rowed 3 miles with a turn on Lake Quinsigamond, at Worcester, Mass., in 19 minutes 23 seconds, beating all his previous records. Hanlan's trial was the first of three to be given by him on Lake Quinsigamond, to try if the record of 19:34 for 3 miles in a single shell could be broken. Hanlan rowed over the old regatta course, one and a half miles and turn, and used a cedar shell just made for him by Blakie, of Cambridge. The water was in perfect condition, there being hardly a ripple on its surface. Hanlan maintained a 32-stroke throughout the race. This proves that Hanlan can row just as fast as ever, as the POLICE GAZETTE has published time and again since May.

Henry W. Haskins, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, has written a letter to Richard K. Fox, in which he states he will wager \$1,000 to \$500 that John L. Sullivan defeats Frank Herald on Aug. 28. Haskins further says he will deposit \$2,000 at the POLICE GAZETTE office and wager that amount twice. Haskins is a well-known sporting man, and journeyed all the way from Manitoba to Mississippi City in 1892 to witness the Sullivan and Ryan battle for \$5,000 and the championship. It is more than likely that Messrs. Douglas, Brotherton, Ryan, of Philadelphia, who think Herald has a good chance, may accept Haskins' offer if he stipulates that Herald must be either stopped or knocked out before the end of the sixth round.

Wm. O'Connor of Toronto, Canada, one of the famous amateur oarsmen who has figured in many of the national regattas, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he posted \$100 with the Montreal Gazette, and issued the following challenge.

DEAR SIR:—I hereby challenge Joseph Laing of Montreal to row me a three-mile race, with turn, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, in best boats, on or before September 10, at a place to be afterwards agreed upon. In order to bind the match I have forwarded \$100 to the editor of the Montreal Gazette, and shall be glad to hear from Mr. Laing at his earliest convenience.

John Ashton, Billy Madden's champion, accepted the challenge of Jerry Murphy of Bangor, Maine, recently issued to any of the heavy weights, and a match between Ashton and Murphy was arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office. Murphy is conceded to be the best heavy weight in the East, having fought a draw with Jake Kilrain. Since Ashton's late encounter with the redoubtable "Jake" all the fighters seem rather shy of him, and Jake is no exception to the lot, he having failed to arrange a second meeting, although Ashton offered him such terms as he should snap at, since he claims having had the best of their last meeting. Ashton offered to box any number of rounds. Kilrain to name the limit, and the winner to take all receipts. Jack Burgess and Peter J. Nolan, who bested Jack Burke, in like manner failed to come to time when similar inducements were offered them.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO NEWS AGENTS, POSTMASTERS, ETC.  
I will give a liberal discount and furnish sample copies and advertising matter free to all news agents, postmasters and others who will make a personal canvass of their districts for the POLICE GAZETTE, the greatest sporting and sensational illustrated newspaper in the world. Send for full particulars to RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

W. C. M., Boston.—No.  
W. H., Pottsville.—A wins.  
W. S., Chelsea, Mass.—No.  
F. V., Weir City, Kas.—Yes.  
J. F. E., New York City.—No.  
S. W. B., Hartford, Conn.—Yes.  
H. F. R., Salt Lake City.—About \$15,000.  
J. W. P., Chelsea, Ind. Ter.—Charles Ford.  
W. J. D., Buffalo, Wyo.—Have not the date.  
SUBSCRIBER, Pittsburg.—Wash in buttermilk.  
J. N. P., Williamsburgh.—Buy cork and burn it.  
D. J. H., Altoona, Pa.—Nine and four-fifths seconds.  
J. H. H., Santa Fe.—The Greyhound is the fastest.  
L. D., Tacoma, Texas.—It is pronounced Pe-air Lorillard.  
READER, Malvern, La.—One hundred and fifty-two pounds.  
B. MANNING, Ogden, Utah.—Dempsey weighed 147 pounds.  
G. S., Baltimore, Md.—Paddy Ryan is married and 1 B wins.  
H. A., Portland, Me.—Jake Gaudaur is a French Canadian.  
S. M. R., Windsor, Ill.—Procure a look with baseball rules.  
J. H., Worcester, Mass.—30 seconds by Harry Hutchins in England.

P. L. Chicago.—Maud S. brought \$40,000. Dexter was sold for \$33,000.

J. S. M., Jamestown, N. Y.—One hundred and forty-seven pounds.

D. and J., Hurley, Wis.—1. No. 2. We do not know the party you refer to.

O. D. H., East Barre, Vermont.—Address H. M. Johnson, in care of this office.

H. Z., Warrentown, Ala.—Send for the American Athlete to this office. 2. Yes.

P. H., Cleveland, Ohio.—1. No. 2. Ned Price never fought Bob Brette. 3. Yes.

B. J., Auburn, Me.—We have not any records of such fights ever being performed.

P. J., Buffalo, N. Y.—You had better write to the lady. We do not know her age.

S., Milwaukee, Wis. 1. No. 2. The police stopped the contest after three rounds.

G. S. L., Lynn, Mass.—Write to W. B. Curtis, athletic editor Spirit of the Times.

CONSTANT READER, Charlotte, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan was born on October 15, 1868.

INQUIRER, Centreville, Mich.—No; the ball is lost and must be spotted on the table.

S. O., Warrenburg, Mo.—The pedestrian that breasted the tape first was the winner.

S. J. A., Turlock, Stanislaus Co.—The referee or judges decision would settle all arguments.

T. L. B., Brockport, N. Y.—1. No. 2. He jumped from the Genesee Falls at Rochester, N. Y.

D. K. H., New York.—1. Inquire at Police Headquarters. 2. We do not keep a criminal record.

J. E. G., Bancroft, Shiawassee county, Mich.—Send 25 cents and we will send you the rules.

J. G., Detroit, Mich.—James Fisk was never Colonel of the 60th Regiment, but the 9th Regiment.

R. W., Chesterfield, Conn.—1. We have time and again published Charley Mitchell's record. 2. No.

W. J. W., Augusta, Ga.—Write to Harry Jennings, corner of Centre and Broome streets, New York.

H. M., Scotland, Dakota.—When your partner says he will assist in euchre you cannot play alone.

A. B., Cataract House, Niagara Falls.—Send 25 cents and we will mail you "The American Athlete."

D. O. W., New Orleans.—It would be a first-class scheme, but we decline to have anything to do with it.

C. A., Rochester, N. Y.—1. Send for "The Life of Paddy Ryan." 2. Heenan and Sayers fought on April 17, 1860.

C. H., Washington.—Ned O'Baldwin lived in Philadelphia, but we never knew he owned a sporting house there.

D. W. S., Ellenville, N. Y.—If you are doing well you had better remain where you are. 2. It is very doubtful. 3. No.

S. G., San Francisco.—John L. Sullivan was the first to enter the ring at Mississippi City, Miss., on Feb. 7, 1882. 2. No.

T. N., Plattsmouth, Neb.—1. We have not Paddy Norton's (t'c pugilist) address. 2. There is no set value on such coins.

W. C., Columbus, Ohio.—1. We do not answer questions by mail or telegraph. 2. Ned O'Baldwin never fought Mike McCoo.

W. H. K., West Street, N. Y.—We have no record of the feat ever having been accomplished, except by Capt. A. H. Borardus.

J. W., Boston.—Dennis P. Butler swam four miles in one hour ten minutes and twenty-five seconds at Gloucester, Pa., on July 11.

L. D., Williamsburgh, N. Y.—1. No; Paddy Ryan never fought Jim Mace, but he did fight Joe Goss. 2. They fought 87 rounds and B wins.

E. A. H., Oswego Falls, N. Y.—The best record for running 100 yards is 9-4-5 seconds made by H. M. Johnson at Youngstown, Ohio, July 31, 1886.

D. T., Arvella, Dak.—Send \$1.50 to this office and we will mail you books and rules; 5 feet 7 inches, weight 175 pounds, chest measurement 44 inches.

B. C., Scranton, Pa.—Sullivan and Wilson postponed their second match because the authorities in New York threatened to stop the affair. 2. No.

Ned, Arapahoe, Neb.—Send 25 cents to this office for "The Sporting Man's Companion." It contains all the records and information you want to know.

G. B. H., Dover, Mass.—Send for the "Sporting Man's Companion," published by Richard K. Fox, price 25 cents, to this office. It contains all the information.

J. A. McGee.—Send for the "Champions of the English and American Prize Ring" to this office. Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan fought 11 rounds in 9 minutes.

J. H. C., Honesdale, Pa.—The salary of regular policemen is \$100 a month. New appointees the first year receive \$1,000, the second \$1,100 and after they serve five years \$1100 a month.

B. D., Fawcettsdale, Alabama.—A and B by making the best scores win first and second money, and they shoot off the tie to see who shall take first money. C is only entitled to third money.

G. B. T., Little Rock, Arkansas.—1. Charley Mitchell was decided out of his contest with Dominick McCaffrey; that was his only defeat. His contest with Sullivan was stopped by the police.

RAFTER, Cheyenne, Wis.—The fastest time for running 100 yards is 9-4-5 seconds, made by H. M. Johnson at Youngstown, Ohio, on July 31, 1886. Ten seconds was the best authenticated record prior to Johnson's performance.

S. D., Bangor, Me.—In 1860 John C. Heenan was the acknowledged champion pugilist of America, having become so from the fact that John Morrissey, the then champion of America, refused to accept Heenan's challenge for another fight.

A SUBSCRIBER, Savannah, Choctaw Nation, Ind. Ter.—Forty-eight and one fourth seconds is the fastest time for running 440 yards, made by R. Battery, at Newcastle, Eng., on Oct. 4, 1873.

L. E. Myers has run the distance in 49 1-5 seconds.

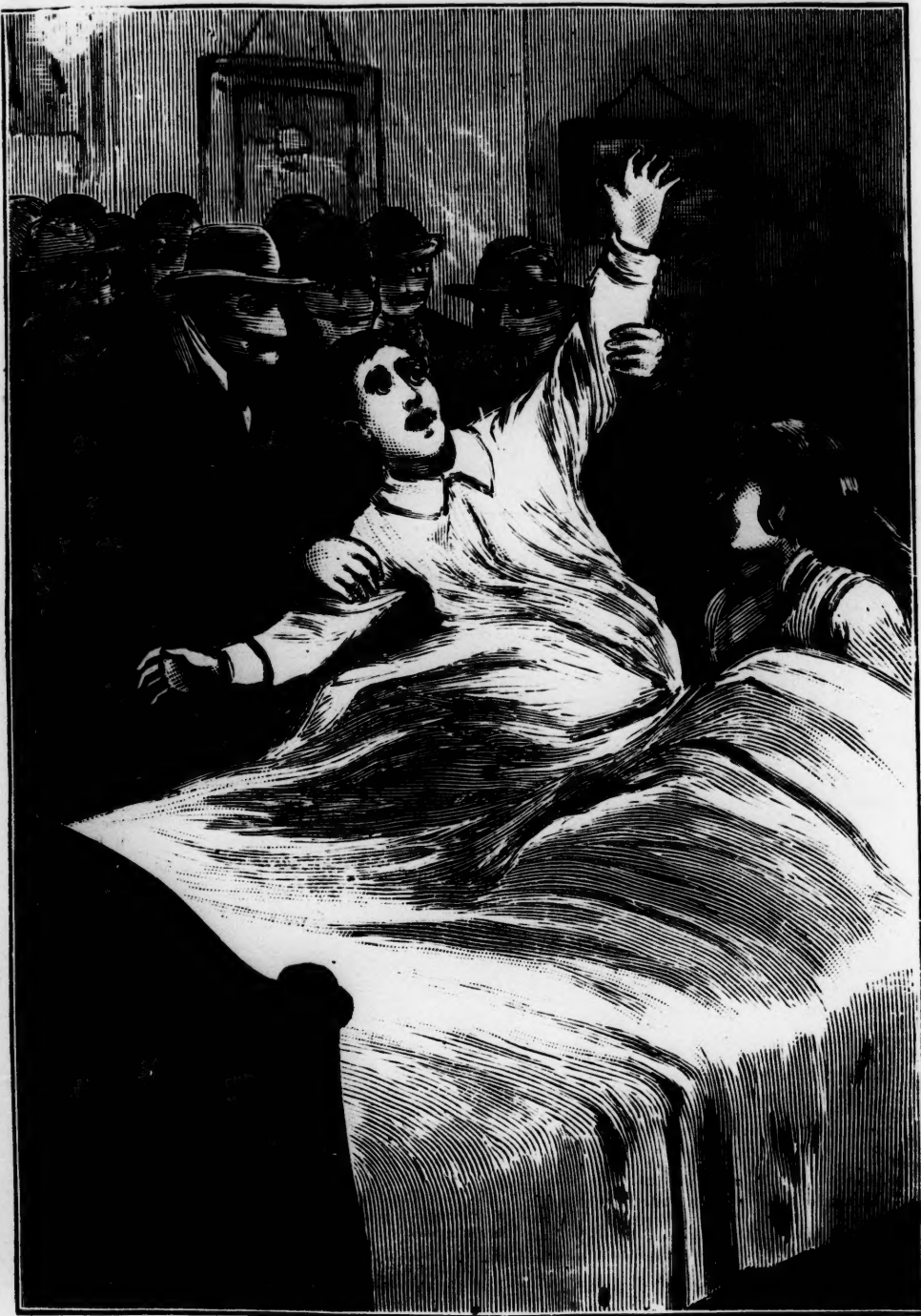
J. W., Harrisburg, Pa.—Bin





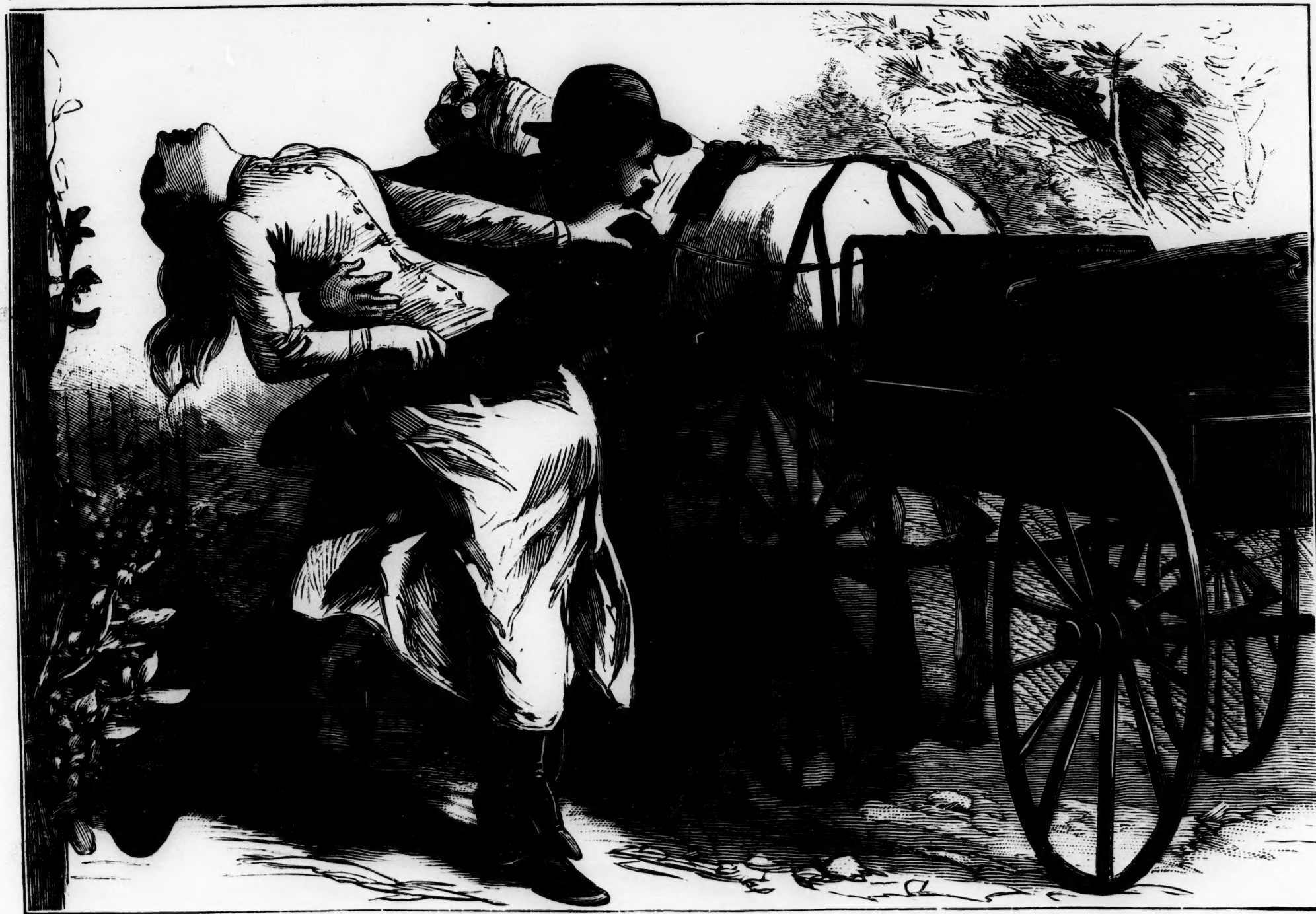
CAPTAIN MARSHALL'S RIDE.

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HOT TAR AND FEATHERS.

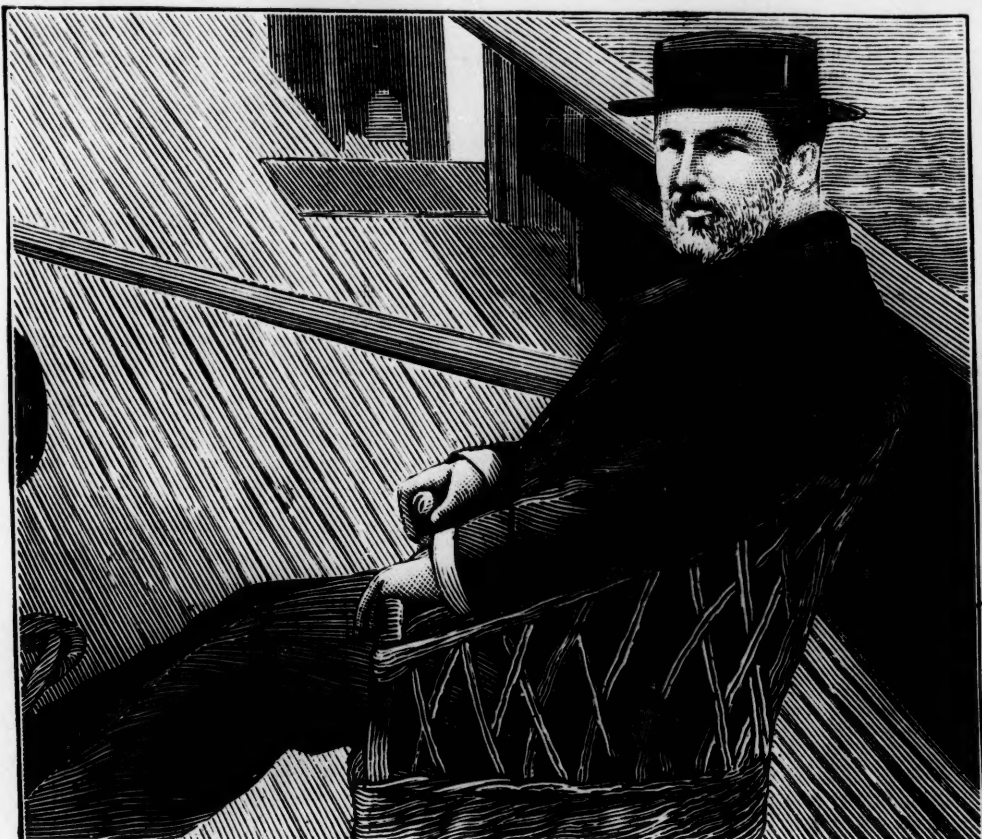
HOW MORAL CITIZENS OF POTTS HILL, OHIO, TREAT ADULTERERS WHO MAKE THEIR WICKEDNESS TOO PROMINENT.



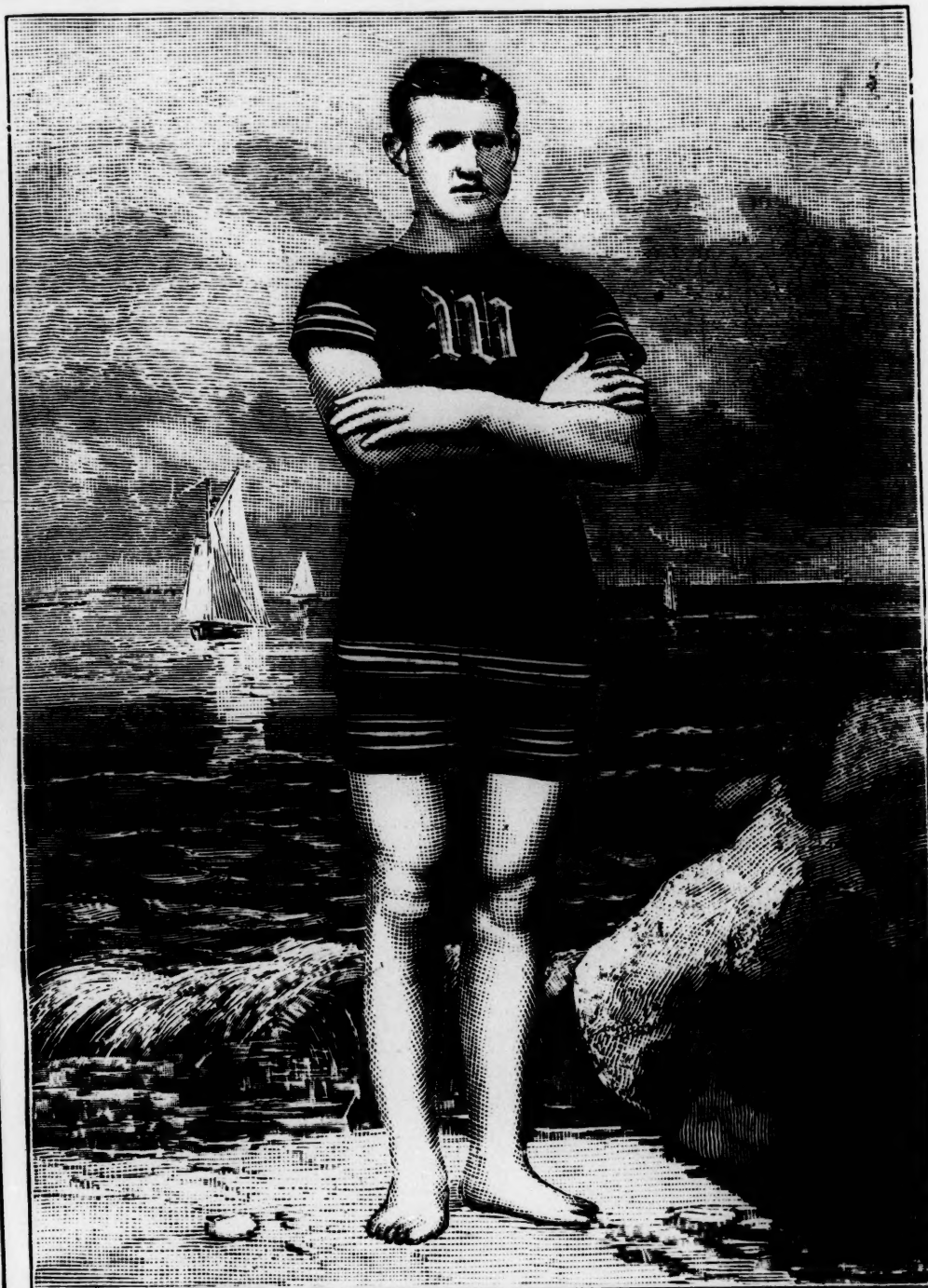
BOUND TO MARRY HER.

YOUNG SMITH ATTEMPTS TO CARRY OFF MISS REBECCA SMITH AGAINST HER WILL AND GETS BADLY LEFT, NEAR MORTON, MINN.





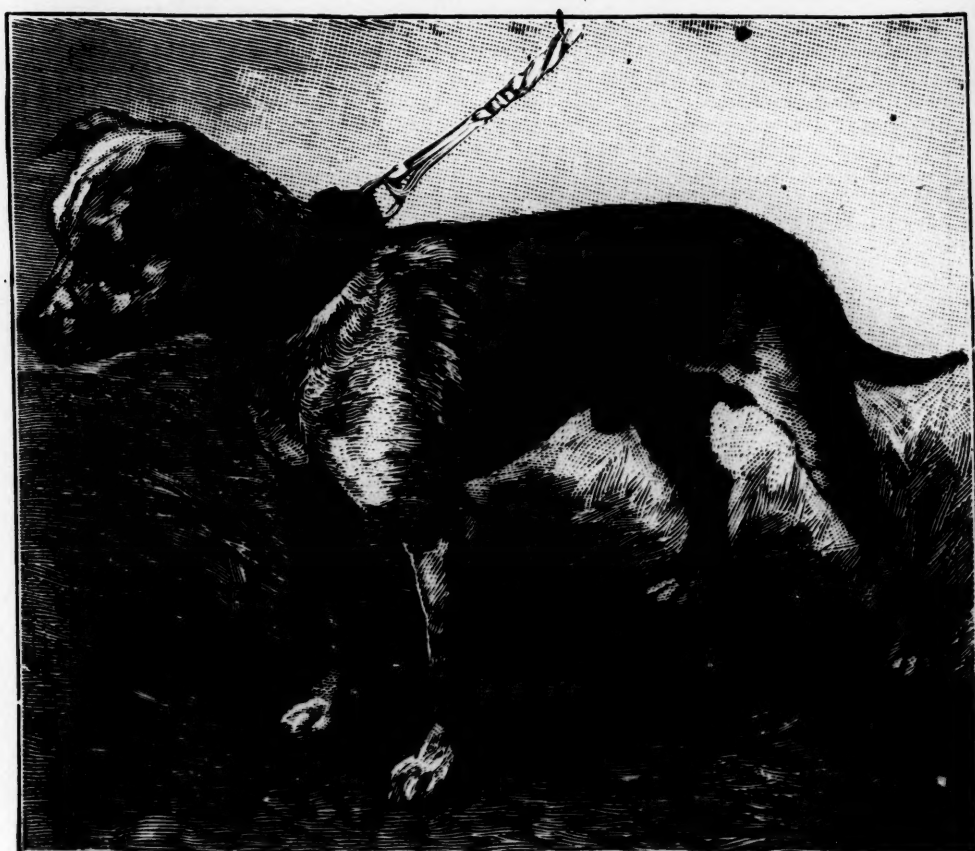
LIEUTENANT HENN,  
THE GALLANT COMMANDER OF THE ENGLISH CUTTER GALATEA, NOW IN  
THESE WATERS.



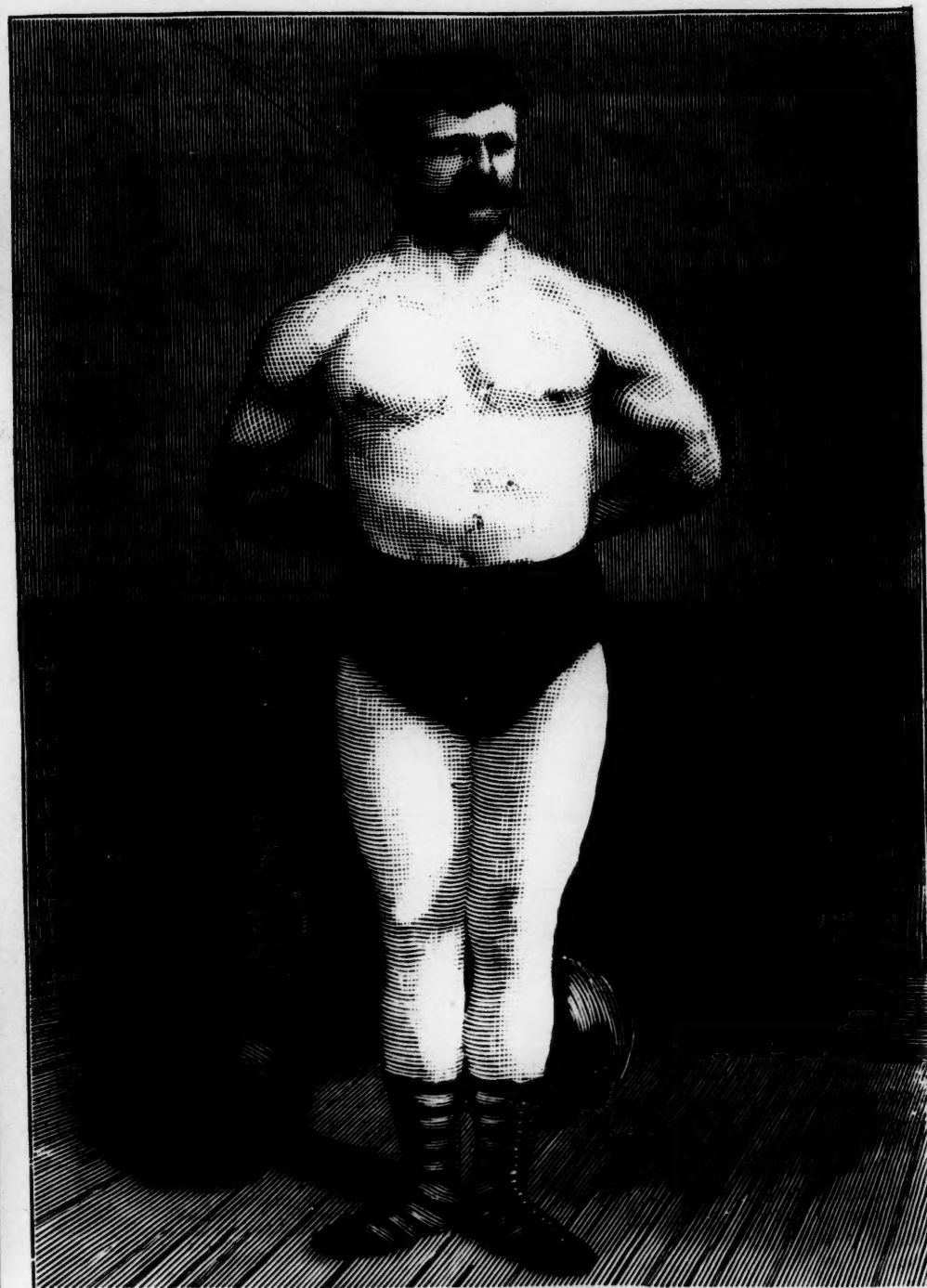
ARTHUR WALLACE,  
OF SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA, CHAMPION SWIMMER OF THE PACIFIC COAST.



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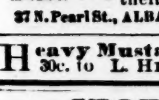
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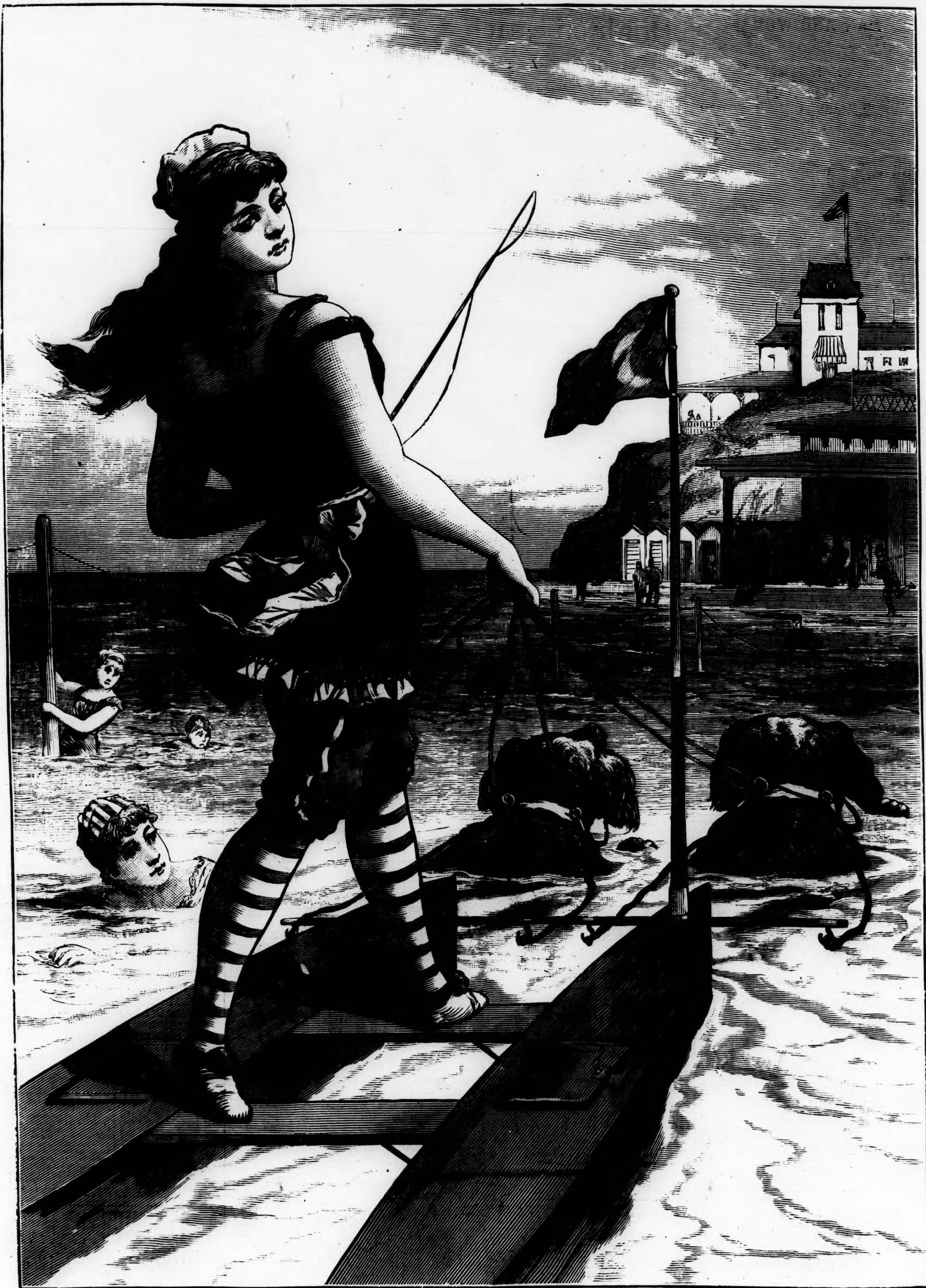
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